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ORGE W. RICHARDSON, the ex-
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WHITE, Esquire, Judge of said
day of October, in the year of our
eight hundred and seventy.
J. H. COBB, Register.
trator's Notice.
by given that the Subscriber has
ointed Administrator, of the estate
SEE, late of Framingham, in the
, intestate, deceased, and taken
trust by giving bonds, as the law
having demands upon the
required to exhibit the same; and
to said estate are called upon to
to said estate are making payment
WARREN NILON, Adm'r.
28, 1870. oct29-3t

Nichols

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NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURE.

JOURNAL OF

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1. If any person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether it is taken from the office or not.

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☞ Postage on the PLOUGHMAN is 20 cents a year within the United States.

Editorial.

PROFITS OF DAIRY FARMING.

A correspondent of the *Ploughman*, John Jones, Esq., of Freedom, Me., wishes to know the Profits of Dairy Farming as compared with the keeping of young stock and sheep farming in New England.

This, like many similar questions, depends very much upon circumstances and some what upon the individual judgment and predilection. Take two farmers, one having a trained eye and a careful and matured knowledge and judgment of dairy stock and a fancy for it, and the other an equally matured judgment of sheep and a greater taste for sheep husbandry and the way to success and to profit would be different. Each would be likely to succeed best in following the direction of his personal inclinations. A farmer must have a little pride in what he is doing and a fondness for it to attain great results. Generally speaking, and setting aside individual tastes and preferences, that is supposing other things to be equal, we have always taken the ground that dairy farming was the natural and leading specialty of New England.

Just consider how much nature has done for us in adapting this section of country to the productions of the dairy. A large portion of the cultivated land of the United States is excluded in a measure from dairy farming, by a sort of natural law, but in *these parts of the country adapted to it, it* becomes about the most profitable branch of farming if pursued with diligence and judgment and skill.

Now does not New England present inducements to dairy husbandry superior to those offered by any other section? Just consider that the climate between the fortieth and forty-fifth parallel of latitude, and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and possibly to the Pacific, is adapted to the production of milk. Probably a third of the land in this belt is adapted to dairying. High, undulating surfaces, abundance of pure water, soil retentive of moisture, a sweet nutritious herbage that grows spontaneously and with great tenacity, a low average temperature and frequent showers, and sufficient covering of the ground in winter, are the characteristics of a good dairy country. We have no other large, uninterrupted stretch of country where dairying would naturally develop itself into a specialty.

There is no branch of farming on this northern belt of land that promises better than dairying, market gardening in the vicinity of large cities, of course excepted, and also fruit lands in some instances.

The raising of cereals, raising and fattening of stock, sheep, husbandry, hop growing, etc., are less promising than the dairy. The milk producer has a wider range, a more diversified product, and less competition than any other branch of farming. He may be a breeder of thoroughbred cattle, and may fatten stock and swine for the shambles. The yield of his cows may take either of the three forms, milk, butter or cheese. The last two are less bulky of transportation than other articles of food. Two hundred pounds of butter worth $80, can be conveyed by rail at the same expense as a barrel of flour costing $6.

The great stock farms of the southwest are not well provided with water, and the climate is too warm to secure the finest quality of dairy products. Besides the farmers there can make more money raising stock. The New York and New England farmers cannot compete with these sections in the production of beef.

There has been a constant gain in the demand and price of dairy products, which have remained steady in London for a series of years while other articles of food have been at times very much depressed. The milk product from year to year is uniform, no crop being so certain as grass, while other crops are liable to accidents. This is an advantage to the dairy farmer. His lands also become more productive from year to year.

The great fear has been in regard to over production. In Europe the increase in production does not keep pace with the consumption, and the difference is becoming greater every year. The same is true in the United States, notwithstanding the extraordinary development since the inauguration of the system of associated dairies.

We formerly exported butter, but of late the whole product of the country is consumed here, and the price is higher here than in London. There are no such butter eaters on the globe as we Americans.

The consumption of cheese in this country is increasing. We are exporting but little more than in 1861, while the production has increased from 103,000,000 to 240,000,000 of pounds in 1869. The average increase of home consumption has been at the rate of 13,000,000 of pounds per year. When the Southern States become prosperous again, with the development of railroads, the influx of Chinese and a direct trade with China, it is doubtful if this country can supply the demand for dairy products.

These considerations lead us to think that in the long run the dairy would constitute the great business of the New England farmer. Many of these conditions, it is true are equally favorable for sheep, especially for the raising of strong and healthy breeders but in this we shall always have a smart competition with Texas and the great plains of the West. In dairy husbandry we have the field more exclusively to ourselves. Let us develop it to its utmost capacity and it cannot be otherwise than profitable.

MILK AS FOOD.

It has long been our opinion that the high value of milk as food was not generally appreciated, and the same may be said of the nutritive qualities of products made from milk like cheese. Why is it that the consumption of cheese is so very small in any New England community, if its high value as food is as well understood.

Milk, where it can be had pure as upon the farm, is not only one of the greatest luxuries, but one of the most highly nutritive articles of food. Dr. O. C. Wiggins, inspector of milk in Providence, says:

"The nutritive value of milk as compared with other kinds of animal food is not generally appreciated.

The quantity of water in a good quality of milk is 86 per cent.—in a round steak 75 per cent.—in fatted beef 60 per cent.—in eggs 68 per cent.

From analysis made last winter, he goes on to say:

'I estimate sirloin steak (reckoning loss from bone) at 35 cents per pound, as dear as milk at 24 cents a quart; round steak at 20 cents as dear as milk at 14 cents; eggs at 30 cents a dozen as dear as milk at 20 cents a quart. Many laborers who pay 17 cents for corned beef, would consider themselves hardly able to pay 10 cents for milk, when in fact they could as well afford to pay 15 cents.

If the money expended for veal and pork were expended for milk, I doubt not it would be an advantage both to the stomach and pocket, especially during the warm season.

Relatively speaking, then, milk at 10 cents, or even 12 cents, a quart is the cheapest animal food that can be used."

OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC.

The advent of this indispensable annual is worthy of notice. Established in 1793, by Robert B. Thomas, it has gained a foothold at every farmer's fireside to an extent unsurpassed by any other periodical. The annual sale of a quarter of a million copies is sufficient evidence of this. Mr. Thomas himself, when asked if he did not fear the multiplication of almanacs would interfere with the sale of the Old Farmer's, used to say, "No! no matter how many they make, they'll have to have mine to correct their's by," and so it has been. No almanac has been made to take its place, and the more printed and distributed gratis as they often are as sources of advertising, the more the popularity of the Old Farmer's has increased till it has reached the unprecedented extent of twelve to fifteen tons a year, or a quarter of a million copies. We welcome its old familiar face. The number for 1871 is fresh and up to the times. It is, like all its predecessors, worth many times its cost. Do as your fathers did, and hang it up by the chimney corner.

MEMBER OF THE STATE BOARD.

Colonel Jonathan Ladd, of Lowell, has been elected by the Middlesex North Agricultural Society a member of the State Board of Agriculture, for three years from the first Wednesday of February, 1871, to succeed Asa Clement, whose term expires at that time. Mr. Ladd is President of the Society also. Mr. Clement has been a very useful member of the Board.

PHILADELPHIA BUTTER.

We have often alluded to the high reputation of Philadelphia butter and have at times stated the reasons of its high quality by giving the details of the process of manufacture. Not long since a manufacturer of Philadelphia butter, who assured Mr. J. B. Lyman of New York, that he received a dollar a pound, stated that he is enabled to obtain this high price by attention to these points.

1st. The food of his cows.

2nd. Temperature.

3d. Neatness and dainty refinement at every step from the moment when the milk flows from the udder, until the dollar is received for the pound of butter.

He said 'I find I make my best butter when I feed on clover or early mown hay. I cut fine, moisten, and mix in corn meal and wheaten shorts. Indian meal I regard as important in every butter dairy. Next to meal I regard shorts. I prefer to mix them. I feed often and not much at a time. I do not use roots unless it be carrots. My pastures and meadows are quite free of weeds. I cannot make this grade of butter from foul pastures or a low grade of hay.'

The temperature of his milk room does not vary very much from 58 degrees. The milk is skimmed clean, and as each skimming is put in the cream pot, it is stirred in the pot, and the churning is done once a week, summer and winter. Just before the butter gathers, a bucket of ice cold water is thrown into the churn. This hardens the butter in the small particles and makes a firm grain. In working, we get out all the buttermilk without the use of the hand. A better way is to absorb the drops with a linen cloth wrung from cold water. The first working removes all the milk, and the second we handle delicately with fingers as cool as may be. Salt a little less than one ounce to the pound. The balls weigh one pound each. On packing for market each ball is wrapped in a linen cloth with the address of the marketman on it.

The most scrupulous neatness prevails throughout the process. Milk which upon leaving the udder flies through an air loaded with stable fumes, will not make butter that will sell for one dollar a pound. No milk sours upon the floor of the milk room or in the crevices of the milk pans. The Pennsylvania butter makers use a cedar tub for sending their butter to market. It is made of plank two inches thick and is lined with tin, having projections for holding little shelves on which the butter is placed. There is a small ice chamber at each end of the tub. Mr. Lyman states that there are a thousand families in New York City who would use 5000 pounds of this butter a week, and to whom a price above 75 cents a pound would not for a moment check their eagerness to buy,

ROADS AND ROAD MAKING.

The last Legislature passed a Resolve, chap. 61, requiring the Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture to obtain from the mayor and aldermen of cities and the select men of towns, answers to the following questions on or before Dec. 1st, for the use of the Legislature.

First.—What is the number of miles of public highway within the limits of your town or city?

Second.—What has been the amount expended by your city or town for the repairs of highways; average for the last five years and exclusive of amount paid for breaking out roads in winter?

Third.—What is the number of surveyors of the highways in your city or town?

Fourth.—What is the kind of material used in covering and repairing roads?

Fifth.—What number and kind of bridges are supported wholly or in part by the city or town?

Sixth.—Are the road taxes paid in money or labor?

Seventh.—How much has the city or town paid during the past five years for damages or legal defence in consequence of alleged defects in the roads?

A full reply to each of the above questions from every town in the State will bring out many valuable statistics.

THE FRAMINGHAM MEETING.

We hear that an attractive programme has been arranged for the Farmers' Convention at Framingham on the 13th, 14th and 15th of December. Professor P. A. Chadbourne, Dr. James R. Nichols, Professor James Law of Cornell University, J. J. H. Gregory, Esq., and others, will lesture and take part in the discussions. It ought to be generally understood that these meetings are public and that all farmers are cordially invited to be present and to take an active part in the proceedings. Let us have a right good time.

INDIAN CORN.

The vast extent to which this crop is cultivated in this country, taken in connection with the low average yield; the proportion to which the crop is injured by frosts on account of bad seasons, and the lateness of ripening, suggest the importance of greater effort to improve the seed in every way in our power. It is safe to say that an earlier ripening or more productive variety of Indian corn adapted to field culture would be worth many millions to the farming community, and should be as highly esteemed as a new variety of the grape or potato; not that the production of new varieties of either this fruit or esculent is not most desirable, and to be commended, as well as suitably rewarded, but is it not well to pay somewhat more attention to the improvement of our pre-eminently great national staple? More espital and labor are annually employed in the United States in the production of this King of the Cereals, than in the production of fruits, potatoes, and all the other grains; and, all things considered, it is the most important element in our rural economy. It covers quite one-third of the area annually devoted to the production of commercial staples, and yields an annual return of fully $750,000,000, requiring no less than 35,000,000 acres, the average yield per acre not exceeding twenty-five bushels; yet how little prominence is given to corn culture, in our agricultural journals, and it is seldom even hinted that an increased product may be obtained by an improvement in the varieties now cultivated.

It is well known that our enterprising horticulturists have done wonders in improving and multiplying the varieties of the grape, and yet no doubt as great improvements could be made in corn, and that too in much less time.

Is there not somebody who is ambitious to build up a grand reputation as a public benefactor, who will undertake this work? There can be no doubt that by good cultivation and the *use of better seed*, the yield of corn may be greatly increased. Estimating corn as worth an average of sixty cents per bushel, an increase of only two bushels for each of the thirty-five million acres annually planted would add no less than forty-two millions of dollars to the yearly income from our present corn fields.

Aside from all increase resulting from more thorough culture, it is easily demonstrated that an increase of *more than two bushels per acre*, may be obtained simply by the use of earlier ripening and more productive varieties. It is a well established fact that, taking a period of ten years, at least *five per cent.* of all the corn grown in the Republic is rendered un-merchantable by autumnal frosts. We cannot materially lengthen the seasons—although something may be done by thorough drainage and forest culture to ameliorate the climate in this particular—but we can, by planting early-maturing varieties, almost wholly relieve ourselves from loss from this cause.

It is not merely in the direction of early ripening that improvement is to come. We may get varieties that are more prolific than any we now have. We saw at Madison, Wis., a year ago, a stalk of corn having seven fully-developed, matured ears. The exhibitor said it was a hybrid with the sugar cane, from which it got its wonderful tendency to produce many ears. Be that so or not, it suggests the possibility of improvement in this direction, and we think the thing is worthy of careful experiment.

Most natural products, plants as well as animals, possess vast capabilities for development under the hand of the skillful experimenter. Let us not stop where we are with this most important, most magnificent of all our cereals, but aim for the attainment of higher degrees of perfection.

☞ A correspondent of *Moore's Rural New Yorker* says: "The superiority of the light Brahma fowls over the mixed breeds consists in not only producing 25 per cent. more eggs, but in being very hardy and fitted for this northern climate. They are easily raised, more quiet, and bear confinement better than any other breed I am acquainted with; take on flesh more rapidly, and are fit for the table at any time. As winter layers they are four or five times more bountiful than the mixed breeds."

SALE OF STOCK.

The effects of the late James Thompson of Worcester, including the fine herd of Jersey cattle, were sold at auction on Wednesday the 9th inst. As all owners of stock, particularly of Jerseys, are interested in the prices of pure bred animals, we subjoin the following, with the names of the purchasers.

The cows came first into the ring led off by

"Princess"—Jersey Herd Book, Vol. 1, No. 171; dam "Duchess," imported, sire Major, calved July 4, 1861. Sold to John Giles, Putnam, Conn., for $110.

"Jenny Lind"—J. H. B., Vol. 1, No. 108; dam, Europa 74; sire Wellington, imported in dam Victoria; calved Feb. 20, 1855. To W. S. Lincoln, Worcester, for $50.

"Bright Eyes"—J. H. B, Vol. 1, No 12; dam, Charlotte 34, g. d. Jenny Lind, g. g. d. Europa 74; sire, Colonel, from J. P. Cushing's stock; calved Feb. 19, 1863. To D. H. Eames, Worcester for $80.

"Pearl"—J. H. B. Vol. 3, No. 715; dam, cow imported; sire, Swift's bull, by Don Juan out of Motley's Flora by Motley's Major; calved March 20, 1865. To T. H. Reed, Boston, $120.

"Cora"—J. H. B., Vol. 1, No. 42; dam, Fannie by Marmion, g. d. Duchess by Czar, g. g. d. Symmetry 2d, by Czar, g. g. g. d. Symmetry 1st, imported; sire, Greenwood's bull; calved May 15, 1865. To D. H. Eames, Worcester, $110.

"Gypsey"—J. H. B., Vol. 1, No. 92; dam Minnie, g. d. Europa 74; sire, Napoleon 2d, from Europa 74; calved April 2, 1866. To T. H. Reed, Boston, $200.

"Rosa Bonheur"—J. H. B., Vol. 1, No. 184; dam, Duchess, imported; sire, Willington; calved July 24, 1865. To Moses Ellis, Framingham, $120.

"Pink"—J. H. B., Vol. 2, No. 476; dam Flora, g. d. Gentie, g. g. d. imported; sire, Gen. Grant; calved Oct. 14, 1866. George Seamans, Auburn, $80.

"Effie"—J. H. B., Vol. 2, No. 317; dam, Empress 73; sire, Napoleon 2d, 155; calved April 13, 1867. To O. B. Hadwen, Worcester, $180.

"Lottie"—J. H. B., Vol. 2, No. 405; dam, Countess 36; sire, Napoleon 2d, 155; calved April 11, 1867. George W. Wild, Norton, $105.

"Pansey"—J. H. B., Vol. 3, No. 714; dam, Gentle, g. d. Hendsome, g. g. d. Drab; sire, W. S. F. Swift's bull, got by Don Juan out of cow imported; calved Nov. 16, 1863. To G. W. Homer, Framingham, $175.

HEIFERS.

"Fannie"—J. H. B., Vol. 2, No. 359; dam Countess 36; sire, Napoleon 2d, 155; calved May 2, 1868. To John Giles, Putnam, Conn. for $80.

"Butter Cup"—J. H. B., Vol. 2. No. 245; dam, Rosette 185; sire, Hero, 119; calved May 11, 1868.

"Cowslip"—dam, Cora 42; sire, G Burnside 111; calved April 30, 1869. To W. S. Marriott, Worcester, for $50.

"Tulip"—dam, Blanche 26; sire, Gen. Burnside 111; calved Dec. 15, 1869. To Moses Ellis, Framingham, for $65.

"Lady Read"—dam, Charlotte 34; sire, Prince of Wales 162; calved Aug. 20, 1869. To E. M. Reed, Lowell, for $85.

"Lottie Eastern"—dam, Rosa Bonheur 184, g. d. Princess 171; sire, Gen. Sherman 107; calved Feb. 25, 1869. To Moses Ellis, Framingham, for $145.

"Daisey Dell"—dam, Gipsey 92; sire, Gen. Sherman 107, calved May 22, 1870. To H. C. Sherman, Springfield, for $68.

"Jennie Lind, 2d"—dam, Jenny Lind 108, g. d. Europa 74; sire, Gen. Sherman 107, calved Dec. 9, 1869. To E. M. Reed, Lowell, for $90.

"Calf Patty"—dam, Susie; calved Aug. 27, 1870.

BULLS.

"Prince of Wales"—J. H. B., No. 162; sire, Prince Albert out of Motley's imported Flora by Motley's Dick Swiveller; dam, Fanny 81, out of imported Kate 117, by Major out of Countess by imported Colonel; calved April 2, 1867. To Wm. T. Merrifield, Worcester, for $80.

"Wellington"—J. H. B., Vol. 3, No. 279; sire, Master William 152, imported; dam, Jersey Queen 395, imported; calved May 1, 1869. To O. B. Hadwen, Worcester, for $65.

"Tewksbury"—

"Daniel Webster"—sire, Gen. Sherman; dam, Primrose 170.

THE ROYAL DAIRY IN ENGLAND.

A writer to the *Philadelphia Bulletin* thus describes the dairy department of the Queen's Model Farm which is situated about one mile from Windsor. It is probably the most perfect, as it is the most expensive thing of its kind in the world.

"We entered a beautiful cottage, and were shown by one of the Queen's favorite servants into a room about thirty feet square, the roof supported by six octagonal columns of white marble, with richly carved capitals. The floors were of white porcelain tiles, the windows stained glass, bordered with Mayblossoms, daisies, buttercups and primroses. The floors were lined with tiles of porcelain of a delicate blue tint, with rich medallions inserted of the Queen, Prince Consort and each of the children. Shields, monograms of the royal family, and bas-reliefs of agricultural designs representing the season, completed the ornamentation of this exquisite model dairy. All round the walls ran a marble table, and through the center two long ones, supported by marble posts resting on basins, through which runs a perpetual stream of spring water. By this means the table slabs are always cold, and the temperature of the dairy is chill, while the white and gilt china milk and butter dishes resting on the tables are never placed in water. We drank the delicious milk, just brought in bright metal buckets lined with porcelain, the queen's monogram and crest glittering on the brass plates on the covers. In the room where the butter was made, milk skimmed and strained, we feasted our eyes on the rows of metal porcelain-lined cans of every size, made to lock, and sent to the royal family even as far as Scotland, so they always have good milk and butter. The churn was of metal also, and lined with porcelain, made in two compartments. The outside chamber surrounding the cylinder could have warm or cold water pouring in to regulate the 'coming of the butter' without disturbing the cream. The lid was screwed on, and the stationary stand on which the whole was turned made the work easy and rapid. But while over sixty cows are daily milked, and as many more are grazing, the royal family are more than satisfied, and the Londoners more than dissatisfied, to see rolls of golden butter sold from the model farm for saving money for the queen! I know the butter is sold, for we breakfasted on it this morning, and we paid for it, not as a bribe, but a regular market bargain at the dairy."

☞ In growing spring sown wheat, as a general rule, very early sown is better than late; and in order to sow early, the butter way is to plough the corn stubble, or other land intended for spring wheat, in the autumn, and in the spring use only the cultivator or harrow in preparing the land for sowing. Such a course will generally greatly facilitate the sowing, over the usual practice of spring ploughing for a grain crop. The ploughing of the land for spring sowing of wheat, oats, barley, &c., in the great grain growing regions of the West, is universally done in autumn. And what is a desirable course for the farmers there will prove equally so here.

For the Massachusetts Ploughman.

THE PROCESSES OF DIGESTION.

THE TEETH AND STOMACH OF ANIMALS.

BY R. GOODMAN.

We shall never arrive at a true understanding of the mode of feeding our animals, until we are thoroughly acquainted with their physiological structure and its marvellous workings. It is only necessary to look into the mouth of a cow to see what kind of food she needs, and an examination of her stomach will satisfy us that nature intended her fodder should be of a kind easily softened and digested.

The teeth give us pretty decisive indications of an animal's habits and of the nature of his food. The general distinctive classification of teeth is into those called cutting and grinding. Take the higher animal, man, and you perceive first those flat teeth just below the nose, called *incisors*, from the Latin *to cut*—the next are those little pointed teeth which come after the *incisors* on both sides of the jaws, called *canines*, from the Latin word *canis* a dog, because they are used like the dogs in tearing the food. The last teeth which are placed at the back of the jaw, are called *molars*, from the Latin now *mola*, meaning a millstone—these last perform the same office as a miller's millstone—they grind everything that comes in their way. In carnivorous or flesh eating animals these molars instead of being flat as in the human species and herbivorous animals are nearly all sharp pointed, and merely *cut*, whilst the jaws of man and herb eating animals allow of a grinding motion. The ruminating quadrupeds—sheep, deer, and ox tribe are without fore teeth in the upper jaw, and there is only a cushion which embraces and holds the grass against the edge of the lower teeth, so that it is cut as with a sickle by a smart twitching motion of the head. So you perceive it was not intended the ruminating animals should partake of shoe leather or tough beefsteak, or anything akin in toughness. The horse has front teeth called *nippers*, with which he can bite dry and hard grass; lobsters and grasshoppers have teeth in their stomachs, and birds millstones in their gizzards to comminute their food after it is swallowed, but the cow as we shall presently explain needs her food soluble enough to pass it into one of her stomachs, and afterwards grind it on her molars before final digestion. Let us observe for a moment how these molars or grinding teeth are formed. They are made to catch and bruise the grain, just as the burr stone containing small portions of feldspar imbedded in a softer material is sought for the nether millstone, so the tooth of a graminiverous animal is composed of alternate layers of the hardest bone, or rather of ivory, and a denser material still, the enamel. The consequence of this inequality in the composition both of the millstone and of the tooth is that notwithstanding the surface is worn down the roughness is preserved. And the lines of enamel in the animals that grind their food run parallel with the jaw, and consequently lie across the direction of the motion of chewing, which is from side to side showing that this arrangement is not accidental, but was contrived by the Almighty designer of all things.

Again we have only to look at the ruminant animal as he lies in the meadow, to be convinced that his real office is not to eat, but to digest—that but a small portion of his time should be absorbed in procuring his food, but most of it engrossed in the mastication—in rolling the sweet morsel under his tongue—motionless otherwise and contemplative—chewing the cud of sweet fancy. He is only doing what a great many bipeds—poets, philosophers, idlers, etc., pride themselves upon—ruminating.

The stomach of the cow as well of the sheep is divided into four compartments. The other internal organs correspond in general respects with those of the human subject, but the only one of them we have now to do with is the tube leading from the throat to the stomach called the *œsophagus*. Looking at the cow when she has her head down in the grass, you think she is eating, but she is only biting off the tender blades (and the earlier and tenderer the better for her and the dairymen, for three-fourths of their constituents are water) which are received from the mouth into the œsophagus whose lower wall being slit at that part, becomes an imperfectly secure tube ready to burst open under pressure, and allow the food to escape between the edges of the slit, these otherwise remain naturally closed. As soon as the large bundles of grass come to this part they press against the walls of the œsophagus tube, which they by this means separate and fall into the provision pouch, which bears the name of *paunch*, or grass pocket in fact, and is the first stomach. As soon as the paunch is well filled and the animal sure of her dinner, she lies down in some quiet corner where she proceeds gravely with the important act, which is the real object of her existence. A little below the entrance to the paunch, and communicating both with it and the canal of the œsophagus is a second receptacle or stomach called the "honey comb bag," from the cell looking aspect of its interior structure. By a slight convulsive effort, a portion of the food macerated in the paunch and exposed to the influence of the alkaline fluid there secreted, sufficient to form a pellet of the proper size, passes on from the first to the second stomach, which is possessed of a strongly muscular coat, and it contracts immediately on this mass, pressing out the fluid which it contains, and sending it along the canal through the third into the fourth stomach; at the same time it forms the more solid part into a proper shape to be returned, and covers it with a mucous fluid provided by numerous little glands in the honey comb cells, and which renders its return through the pellet more easy. This by another slight convulsive movement is sent back into the œsophagus, which by continued contractions from below upwards returns it to the mouth, where at last the grassy lump is chewed or ground in good earnest and to some purpose by the molar teeth. There is no necessity for hurry; the female ruminant has (or ought to have) no other business on the face of the earth but this, and thus hour after hour passes away, the food pellets rising one after another to the onslaught of the molars or grinding teeth. Nor do they go back again until they have been reduced by long mastication into an almost liquid paste, which glides through the œsophagus without forcing open the slit, and falls straight into a third pouch or stomach known as the many leaves or plies. From this, this grass pap passes into a fourth and last bag, which is the real stomach, and when the final work of digestion is accomplished by the gastric juice there secreted, by means of which the food is converted into a uniform half fluid mass called chyme. This fourth stomach is called the reed or rennet bag from the property it possesses in the calf of turning milk into curds, and of his four stomachs this is the only one the young animal makes use of so long as it is nursed by its mother, the other compartments neither growing nor exercising their functions until it begins to eat grass, and if he lived on milk always they would probably decrease in size just as the mamma of the cows that are not milked do.

The anatomy of the ruminant animals is decisive on these two principal points. 1st. That the food should be of a yielding nature, and 2d, that the grain should always be mixed with a certain amount of chopped hay in order that the whole may pass into the first stomach, and have all the benefit of comminution.

FARMERS' CONVENTION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

The New Hampshire State Board of Agriculture will hold a public meeting in Eagle Hall, Concord, Nov. 29th, beginning at 11 o'clock and continuing two days. The following is announced as the

PROGRAMME.

Tuesday at 11 *o'clock*—An address of welcome and congratulation will be given by Hon. Moses Humphrey, of Concord, Chairman of the Board of Agriculture.

At 11 1-2 a discussion—Indian Corn, the profit from its cultivation, and its exhausting effects on the soil, compared with that of other crops. Opened by Hon. Simon Brown, Editor of the *New England Farmer*, followed by practical farmers who may volunteer.

Afternoon Session—At 2 P. M., a discussion on the comparative value of commercial, composted and stable manures, and the economy of purchasing fertilizers to compensate for the loss of manure by selling hay and other farm products. Opened by J. F. Lawrence, of Epping, member of the Board for Rockingham County.

Evening Session—At 7 o'clock, a discussion—The Agricultural Advantages of the West and the East contrasted. Opened by C. G. Hawthorne, Esq., of Hopkinton, for fifteen years a resident in the West.

Discussion—The Drought, and the means of preventing the usual effects. Opened by James O. Adams, of Manchester, Secretary of the Board of Agriculture.

Afternoon Session—At 2 o'clock, a discussion—Blood Stock, what breeds are most desirable for New Hampshire. Opened by Col. H. R. Roberts, of Rollinsford.

Evening Session—At 7 o'clock, a discussion—Breeding and Rearing Horses. Opened by H. H. Green, of Hopkinton.

During the meeting, when opportunity offers, a little time will be given to the consideration of the following questions:

1. Are Farmers' Clubs of sufficient benefit to warrant their establishment in all the towns of the State?

2. Is it desirable for the Board of Agriculture to hold Public Meetings in each County in the State during the coming winter, for the discussion of Agricultural Questions?

Senator Patterson and Representative Eln will address the Meeting. Eminent Agriculturists from our own State and from abroad will be present and engage in the discussion.

Railroads leading out of Concord, and their branches, will return free all persons who may present a certificate from the Chairman of the Board of Agriculture, that they have attended the Meeting.

Officers of the State, County and District Societies are especially invited to be present and assist in the management of the meetings. MOSES HUMPHREY, *Chairman.*

Horticulture.

ASHES AND IRON FOR FLOWERS.

Dame Nature cannot paint in colors of exquisite beauty, any more than a skilled artist, without proper materials from which she can extract the rosy tints of morning and the azure and purple shades of the calm twilight of a summer sunset. When she clothes the lily of the field in all the regal brilliancy and glory of the throne of the King of kings, or paints the petals of the rose, the dahlia, and the pink in her gayest colors, coloring material must be mingled with the soil, when roots can appropriate it to the wonderful operation of bringing out flowers of transcendent beauty and richness of color.

If we examine the wild flowers that lift up their heads in every shady nook, in localities where the soil contains a superabundance of ferruginous material and silica, every admirer of these twinkling day-stars will be forcibly impressed with the superior brilliancy of the petals. The reason for this is, the iron in the soil, or flower-bed, furnishes a liberal supply of coloring matter, and the silica supplies a material which is of vast importance to the production of that brilliancy of the petals and the dark green lustre of the leaves. Then, if potash be added, or the ground be dressed round about the growing flowers with unleached wood ashes, an increased brilliancy will appear in every petal and leaf.

Any person who cultivates only a few flowers in pots, or between grassy lawns or on spacious parterres, may readily satisfy himself of the exceedingly useful part the foregoing materials play in the production of beautiful flowers. Even white flowers, or roses that have petals nearly white, will be greatly improved in brilliancy by providing iron, sand, and unleached ashes for the roots of the growing plants. Ferruginous materials may be applied to the soil where flowers are growing, or where they are to grow, by procuring a supply of oxide of iron, in the form of the dark colored scales that fall from the heated bars of iron when the metal is hammered by blacksmiths. Iron turnings and iron filings, which may be obtained at most machine shops, should be worked into the soil near the flowers, and in a few years it will be perceived that all the minute fragments will have been dissolved, thus furnishing the choicest material for painting the gayest colors of the flower garden. When there is an excess of vegetable mould in a flower bed, and a deficiency of silica, or sand, the flowers will never be so rich in color, nor so brilliant, as they would be were a liberal dressing of sand or sandy loam, worked down into the bed, where the growing roots could reach it. Wood ashes can be obtained readily, let a dressing be spread over the surface of the ground, half an inch deep, and be raked in. A dressing of quicklime will be found excellent for flowers of every description. It is also of eminent importance to improve the fertility of the soil where flowers are growing, in order to have mature, plump and ripe seeds. Let the foregoing materials be spread around the flowers, and raked in at any convenient period of the year. When soil is prepared for flowers in pots, let some sand, oxide of iron, and ashes be mingled thoroughly with the leaf mould.—*Tilton's Journal of Agriculture.*

The Dairy.

CHURN MORE THAN ONE SKIM DEEPER.

A correspondent of the *Mark Lane Express* says: From observation, I believe too many butter makers do not skim as deep or churn as much milk as they ought. I hear them say often that they do not like to get so much milk, or sour cream, in with the cream. It is a common practice for most butter makers to have a skimmer that is perforated with holes, that the milk may pass through into the pan from which the milk is being taken. If any one has a better reason for not skimming deeper, I shall be pleased to hear it, and herewith give my reason why I think we ought to skim deeper and churn more milk with the cream.

First, there are but few dairy houses so far remote from the odors of the kitchen, swill pail or barrels, or some decaying vegetable matter, as to keep the cream from absorbing odors that injure the flavor of the butter; and the cream must first receive, or have these odors pass through it, before they

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE····· BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1870.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

MORE ABOUT IRELAND.

LETTER NO. IV.

Special Foreign Correspondence of the Ploughman.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Since my last report I have travelled over a large portion of Ireland, and visited all classes of her industrious people. In the flax growing districts in the north of Ireland, a great amount of poverty was witnessed; here labor is paid only one-third as much as we pay in Massachusetts on the average. The farmers have been fortunate this year in raising abundant crops. The Irish potato is the main stay of Ireland, and is used abundantly by all classes of her people; there are sold at retail by the stone, but the price amounts to about sixty cents a bushel on the average.

Within a radius of twenty miles of Belfast, in the north of Ireland, there is probably one hundred thousand people engaged in the manufacture of linen and lawn goods, which are all made of flax. The same great variety of dry goods which we make in New England of cotton, is here produced from flax, and at about the same cost. Irish linens are celebrated for being the best in the world, and although they are cheaply made, still the price is very high in New England. The manufacturing is done principally by steam power, and in small buildings which are extremely filthy. The operatives are mostly young women, who receive so very small compensation for their labor, that they cannot have even the necessities of life, and are obliged to drag out a miserable existence in poverty; thousands of them are objects of compassion and pity in their wretched condition. From Belfast I returned to England by way of Fleetwood, passing the Isle of Man, about midway of the Irish Sea. The two hundred and fifty miles from Fleetwood to London by rail, was through a beautiful rich country thickly interspersed with villages and large towns. London is really a great city, containing at the present time nearly three millions of inhabitants. She has but one or two equals on the face of the globe in point of numbers, and none in point of filth in streets; wealth, good government, and smoky streets.

The opinion has been entertained for a long time by John Bull, that because his country is surrounded by salt water, therefore his liberties are preserved in brine, and will keep forever; but now I notice that the old gentleman is in a very excited state of mind, which is accompanied with fear and trembling, on account of the war between France and Prussia; and all his best energies are put forth to the uttermost at this time to save himself from being drawn into the war, and finally devoured by one or the other of the great combatants on the continent, while the two mighty armies of France and Prussia with a million of men, are measuring swords over the walls of Paris three hundred miles distant. The merchants and bankers of England are rapidly withdrawing their capital from the business of the country, and depositing the money in the Bank of England for safe keeping. While passing through the Bank yesterday, I learned that the receipts for the previous day, amounted to the enormous sum of two hundred thousand pounds, and for the week seven hundred and thirty-eight thousand pounds, and that only eighteen thousand pounds were drawn out during the week. The Board of Directors reduced the rate of interest, yesterday, to two and three-fourths per cent, and still the mammoth vaults are literally full of money. The Bank of England belongs to the government, and is supposed to be the largest moneyed institution in the world. The building is immensely large on the ground, covering an entire square in the centre of the city, but being only one story high and very plain, it makes but little show.

Notwithstanding the frightful condition in which the government is placed, I have no doubt that John Bull still entertains strong hopes of his final salvation; but when this cruel war is over, if he still retains his proud nationality, then he may well give all the credit to his brine.

MODEL FARMS.

The *Boston Courier* has been giving some interesting sketches of the prominent farms in the neighborhood of Boston, and among them a genial and instructive account of that of the Hon. Albert Fearing of Hingham, President of the Hingham Agricultural Society and member of the State Board of

"Mr. Fearing's farm contains 90 acres of wood land and 150 acres of pasture and tillage. The September hurricane of 1869 has left its mark on the shade trees in front of Mr. Fearing's house. The garden about it is large. In the grapery, under glass, a quarter of a ton of delicious grapes has been produced this year, of several varieties, viz., Black Hamburg, Red Chasselis, Gris Frontignac, White Tokay, Syrian, White Frontignac, Lady Downes and Wilmot 16. The product of this grapery is distributed, with its owner's proverbial liberality, among his invalid neighbors. There are several fig trees near the grapery. Not far away are two fine farm houses, dwellings of help. Mr. Fearing has two spacious barns on his premises; the one near his residence is 100 feet by 60 feet. A fine Jersey bull (Victor) was lowing in an enclosure near the barn. He was imported two years ago and is now three and a half years old.

Mr. Fearing leaves the cellar of his barn open, so that the scent of the manure &c., escapes. There is a well below the cellar and a submerge pump. In the piggery there were at the time of our visit thirty-five of the prettiest, cunningest looking little pigs of the Chester and Columbia County breed, that you can come across anywhere. There were also some fine hogs about ready for the butcher which have been fed exclusively on vegetables. There was a Chester White which will weigh 700 lbs. this fall, also a Yorkshire English boar imported by J. Wiley Edmands. In a pond not far from the barn which is never dry, is a large flock of English Aylesbury ducks, 120 in number, perfectly white. Aylesbury is the town which supplies the London market with ducks. Here are very lofty sheds, airing and disporting themselves in the most excited manner. In the barn we saw a Jersey calf, which was a perfect pattern of bovine beauty, with the brightest eye imaginable. The stalls are models of neatness, and put up five horses at present. In one of the outbuildings was a big boiler for carrots and potatoes. Mr. Fearing has forty head of cattle in his hillside pastures. Among them are some of the finest specimens of Jersey stock in the country, from two cows and a bull which he imported himself. In the Turkey Hill pasture were seven Jersey cows, pure and grades, and a prize native. Finer animals cannot be found. In another pasture he has ten Jersey calves. The stock of the past summer has been as severe in Hingham as elsewhere, and it has been sharp work for calves to get enough to eat; but they are doing better now. In the Squirrel Hill pasture was a herd of cattle, a part of which are intended for the shambles in this herd were some fine Jersey cows. Mr. Fearing has a yoke of splendid Devon oxen five years old, which have taken the prize as draught animals; they are a solid looking pair. Also another large premium yoke of native red stock, which have taken a prize for ploughing. The views from the height of land in Mr. Fearing's two pastures cannot be beat, whether you look oceanward or inland. There are some geological curiosities in these pastures in the shape of boulders of pudding stone, &c. The present has been a poor corn season; but Mr. Fearing has a field of six acres which, in good seasons, has yielded eighty-three bushels to the acre. His land runs down to Hingham Bay, which is an arm of Massachusetts Bay. Four acres that have been underdrained yielded twelve tons of hay. He has fifty acres by Were River,

Hingham has been in the past more devoted to commerce and manufactures of various kinds, than to agriculture. But the soil is rich and fertile in some portions of the town, and of late years the example and liberal patronage of Mr. Fearing and other gentlemen of wealth, have made of it a first class agricultural community."

RESULTS OF THE CENSUS.—The census shows that there are in the United States fifteen cities of more than 100,000 inhabitants each, viz: New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Baltimore, Chicago, St. Louis, Boston, Cincinnati, New Orleans, Washington, Buffalo, Newark, San Francisco, Louisville and Pittsburgh. There are only three nations on earth that equal this showing of cities of one hundred thousand inhabitants, viz: the West Indies, with 21 cities; Great Bri ain with 16, and China with 16. Other nations stand in the following order in this respect: Turkey 10, France 8, Italy 7, Russia 5, Belgium and Spain each 4, Austria 3, and Holland 2.

In the United States the gain has been much the largest in the Northwest, some of the New England States showing scarcely any progress. Rhode Island has only 215,000, and has probably lost one Representative. Sixteen of the interior counties of even New York State, which had in 1865 a population of 673,000, now report a gain of 36,000—less than six per cent. New York city and Brooklyn shows a gain of fifty per cent.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 19, 1870.

☞ THE DIPLOMAS of the NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, will not be ready for delivery much before the first of January. Persons entitled to Diplomas, not receiving them by that time, will make application to the Treasurer, Col. Geo. W. Riddle, Manchester, N. H.

THE FAMILY FESTIVAL.

Next week comes Thanksgiving. Welcome to hearth and heart! The family threads that have spun themselves in all directions over the land from the Homestead, will then draw together again, the Old Folks sitting at the centre of the web. This one time in the year is sacred to the memories of Home. We should become but a semi-civilized people, if the sentiment they breed was to be eliminated from our daily lives. Its real power will be best felt, when the domestic gatherings begin. From far and near, men hurry back home like children summoned thither again by their parents. The circle widens about the hearth. The home windows grow bright with new faces. Lights dance in all the passage ways and chambers. The long table fills the dining room, and on the buffet is piled the solid wealth of the prospering farmer's larder. The very dog rejoices at the annual return of his old friends, and the horses and cattle about the barns are not unconscious that somebody has come. It is a scene of liveliest life, where for months it has been looked forward to with a hope that could not have been longer deferred.

This year, the granaries and barns of the husbandman are full. The drought burnt out many a calculation, but an unusual autumn has largely compensated for all disappointments. Providence has adjusted the balances generously. If there is a short crop here, there is an abundant one there. All have enough, and enough always doubles itself with the help of a grateful spirit. The earth has not withheld her bounty, nor the skies their blessing. Through every fear and every actual tribulation we have come safe at last to the end and crown of the seasons,—Thanksgiving. Here we meet, in the Thanksgiving spirit, about the fires that bespeak the presence of Home. The State resolves itself anew into the Family, and all political and social relations are absorbed into the closer and homelier and tenderer ones of domestic life. For the annual Thanksgiving the Governor issues his official proclamation, the pulpits discourse their most impressive homilies, trade turns the key in its doors, operations on State street cease, professional men put by their books, and workingmen lock up their tools, industry ceases from its occupations, and the railways transport a whole population to the dear old hearths around which it loves to gather.

Now let the "fat and the sweet" be brought forth and spread in profusion around the family board. The very best should now be distributed. Let the young mingle freely with their elders, and all ages join sincerely in the delights of the festival. There is no occasion like this, and it comes but once a year. No thank offering is too good for such a time, to testify to the free mingling of all sympathies and the overflow of all hearts. To New England this good old festival is peculiar, and having been planted by the first generation of its settlers, and taken firm root in the soil. And the sons and daughters of New England ought therefore to celebrate it with an enthusiasm which no other section of the country will equal. May every family board this year be heavy with its cheer, and every heart around it be filled with the genuine feeling of Thanksgiving.

The Late James Thompson.—Agricultural Society is not visible among farmers alone, but shows in its power to make converts of business men to the agricultural occupation. It thus ennobles the farmer's calling while it makes it practically more profitable. It holds up good husbandry, the country life, rural employments, and all their endeared associations, as worthy of the seeking of men in all walks and callings, and helps to impart an attractiveness to their features which ordinarily would not be so strikingly brought out. This happy influence of the Society reached our lamented friend, the late James Thompson, whose attractive farmstead near Worcester we have recently visited. Of honored Quaker extraction, a manufacturer by occupation, immersed in the whirling activities of business life, he came within the Society's reach and was from that time of a new mind and purpose. The genuine love of country life, its quiet, its comfort, its wholesomeness, its social sweetness, and its true dignity, developed itself rapidly within him, as he became interested in the Society's regular proceedings, attended its fairs, perused its prize lists and committee reports, and took part in the honorable competition it stimulated everywhere.

He cultivated a farm in Nantucket, but shortly after purchased one of nearly sixty acres near Worcester, being part of a tract formerly owned by Gov. John Hancock, of revolutionary fame. To this spot he had given, along with an estimable wife of similar tastes, his best thoughts and care. Here he hoped to establish his chosen home and rear his happy family. He had retouched a dwelling that bespoke in every feature the dignity of the ancient family living. He had his meadows, his arable lands, his pastures, his orchards, and his woodland snugly about his homestead. A noble lawn stretched before his windows. On all sides he saw his fine blood horses and his pure Jerseys peacefully grazing. His home was becoming the paradise on earth he had designed it, and quiet, prosperity, and perfect contentment reigned around him. But death interrupted the beautiful plan, and all was instantly changed. Such a man, an agriculturist with the healthy and enduring enthusiasm, cannot drop out of human sight without exciting profoundest regrets. His bereaved and worthy family will receive the sincere sympathy of all. And the New England Agricultural Society laments the premature loss of a true disciple and a stanch supporter.

A Walking Horse.—For all ordinary purposes, a horse with a good walking gait is far more desirable than a fast trotter merely. If the two could be combined, it would be well enough; but it only one characteristic can be secured, the man in the country will find the fast walker a greater prize than the fast trotter. For very little of the latter is really performed as a matter of common service, if we stop to think of it. There are a great many hills to climb, and stretches of rising ground to get over. There is heavy pulling through mud and sand. There are family loads to the wagon. And if a horse can be got that will, as a general thing, fulfil the wants which these things imply, it will be found that he is a good walker rather than a fast trotter.

The Drawbacks.—Country houses of the commodious and comfortable sort, need not be underrated by their occupants on account of their lack of the "modern improvements." The latter are by no means always what they appear to be. Water pipes freeze and burst in winter, if the furnace fires are not carefully tended. Sometimes the cocks are turned the wrong way over night, and a building is flooded by morning. The gas leaks, or flickers and goes out at the wrong time. The furnace fires go out, and at a low temperature, not a room is for a time habitable. These luxuries are all of them troublesome things, at best. There is no sense at all in thinking it such a hardship to do without them.

THE WAR NEWS

There is no national change to remark in the relative situation of the contending armies about Paris. The siege continues with vigor, although the threatened bombardment has not been commenced. The Germans probably intend to rely on the starvation process, and there is no doubt that there is a great scarcity of fresh meat in the city. The Parisians have now an opportunity of testing the merits of horse flesh as an article of diet; but by other provisions there is said to be a supply for weeks yet. The negotiations for an armistice broken off two weeks ago have not yet been renewed, and although there were reports on Saturday that the hopes of an armistice were not yet given up, there is no authentic evidence of the subject having been revived in any shape.

The French in the latter part of last week gained a considerable advantages over the Germans at and near Orleans, a place recently captured by the latter about fifty miles south of Paris. The army of the Loire has been organizing for many weeks, and under the command of General Palladine, took the initiative in the latter part of last week, and attacked the Prussians in possession of that city. The Prussians were commanded by General Von Der Taun, and were said to number about twenty-five thousand. The French army greatly out numbered them and drove the Germans from Orleans with considerable loss, and obliged them to retreat towards Paris. The French troops were well handled and showed good fighting qualities. The loss of the Germans has been placed at from one to five thousand men. They were reinforced before they had retreated many miles and made a stand. This being the first success for a long time gained by the French, has had a strong moral effect, and may be the beginning of a new current of affairs in favor of France. The army of the Loire, said to number over 100,000 men, is now in condition to take the offensive, and is hanging in a threatened manner on the lines of investment of Paris. There are also large forces said to be in good condition to take the field.

The Prussians investing Thionville, a city north of Metz, were reported on Sunday as having been strongly reinforced by two corps of the late besieging army before Metz, and supplied with heavy siege guns, has opened a furious bombardment against the city, which is very effective. The city has been set on fire by the Prussian shells, and has been burning in many places since Friday last. The cannonade still goes on. The garrison has not attempted any sorties as yet.

Advices from Lyons show that the Prussians are advancing steadily in the east. They now occupy Dole. Garibaldi is at Chagny, where there is also a French General with an effective force. It is supposed that the armies will join and resist a further advance of the enemy. The work of fortifying Lyons continues. The heights about the towns have been greatly strengthened. The National Guards are mainly employed on the work.

The first reported naval engagement between a French and Prussian war vessel, took place off the harbor of Havana, in Cuba on the 10th between the French corvette Bouvet, and the Prussian war steamer Meteor. They arranged for the fight in the city and the Frenchmen left on the night of the 8th, waiting outside for the German vessel, which was obliged by law to remain in port twenty-four hours later. On the coming out of the Meteor, the Bouvet retreated towards the neutral line and opened the contest by firing three shots, which the former promptly returned. The Bouvet then attempted to board the Meteor, in which she was unsuccessful. Her rigging became entangled, carrying away the main and mizzen mast, and the rigging falling with the mast, became entangled with the Meteor sent a shell into the inside of the Bouvet, smashing her steam pipes. The Meteor, by reason of the disabling of her screw, became unmanageable, and the Bouvet, finding her quarters hot and her capture certain if she waited until the Meteor could disentangle herself, set sail rapidly and made for port, the Meteor continuing to fire meanwhile. With a fair wind, the Bouvet was enabled to cross into Spanish water, before the Meteor could disentangle her screw. The Meteor had three killed and one wounded; the Bouvet had only three wounded.

Russia and Prussia — If we could afford but one war at a time, Europe means to have two. Russia picks a quarrel with Austria and Turkey over Roumania and the navigation of the Black Sea, complaining of a breach of the treaty of 1856, and is ready to march upon Turkey at the very moment when Prussia has disarmed her only effective ally. This is Russia's revenge for 1854, in which England is made to suffer her full share of the punishment. It has been understood between Russia and Prussia from the beginning, that the latter was to pursue her way unmolested in the East, while the former waited and marched to complete dominion in the West. France is prostrate, England is without an ally, and Austria and the smaller States are cowed and powerless. Thus do these two giants made ready to walk over the Continent unopposed, and parcel out the spoils of States and Kingdoms and Empires, with all their rich trade and commerce, between themselves.

KING WILLIAM'S HEADQUARTERS. The Chateau of Ferrieres, the magnificent dwelling of the late Baron James Rothschild, was spared by the Uhlans in their predatory visits, and is now the residence of King William. The buildings were erected by an English architect, and are situated on a slight eminence in the middle of a thickly wooded park. The wings are joined by a long hall with a handsome frontage. This central hall is two stories high, with staircases leading to the drawing rooms, bed chambers and galleries, the latter being filled with antique tapestry, furniture, carvings and statuary, collected by the Rothschilds during the last fifty years. The stables are very extensive and will accommodate one hundred horses; the aviaries are filled with every variety of foreign bird; the parks are crowded with tame deer, and the orangeries are carefully attended to. The kitchens are remote from the chateau, with which they communicate by means of a subterranean passage and elevators. The grounds, originally perfectly flat, are laid out with hills, artificial lakes, shrubbery, and all descriptions of trees and plants.

☞ A very fine example of the natural purification of water by filtration through sand has been lately shown at Cape Cod. An iron tube has been sunk fifteen feet through the constantly shifting sands of the Cape, fifteen or twenty feet from high water mark, and not more than three feet above it, and the water in this tube rises and falls with the tide; yet, strange to say, although more than one hundred barrels of water have been pumped from it at one time, the water is all fresh, and not the slightest trace of saline taste is perceptible in it. Indeed, so excellent is the quality of the water, that outgoing vessels supply themselves with water from this well.

FROM THE PACIFIC TO THE ATLANTIC.—Passengers arrived in this city last Monday evening, who left San Francisco the previous Monday afternoon. They came through on schedule time, without detention or accident, making all connections promptly. This is not an unusual occurrence; but it is well enough to note it, now the season is advancing, as an evidence that the iron highway across the continent is in good condition, and that the trains are run over it as swiftly and safely as over any roads in the country. —*Transcript.*

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

From our Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18th, 1870.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

New York is as busy as ever. A great city like this is always busy; always full of novelties and occasions for excitement. No where can human life be seen or studied as from a Broadway aspect. Rich and poor; high and low; good and bad all tread this immense thoroughfare together. In five minutes of time, as you look out from the windows of the Grand Central Hotel, men and women in all planes of social life have passed before your eyes. High city officials, state functionaries; beggars from the purlieus of the vilest alleys; escaped convicts and convicts never yet impaled in prison walls. And here, too, everybody seems to get a living. You look at this vast line of moving humanity and you wonder where so many people live, where they can find beds at night; how they can dress so well, and not least among the wonders, how they secure a livelihood. Store rents from five hundred to fifty thousand dollars a year; and house rents from two hundred and fifty to thirty thousand dollars. Where does this vast supply of money come from. Every building has in its basement a store; somebody hires it and sells from it goods or notions of some kind; yet where are all the buyers; who are they and where do they come from. Questions like these vex New Yorkers themselves and they are as much troubled to answer them as strangers are. Whoever lives in this great Babel city, pays dearly for the living, and whoever dies here, must have a large estate to secure a decent burial. A barely decent funeral will cost five hundred dollars. How often, as I gaze upon the great throng of human beings, who breathe the pestiferious air of this great city, have I wondered that men and women prefer to live in such a stir and confusion; breathe such poisonous air, inhabit such thickly populated streets and houses; coop themselves up in such dirty and dreary cells; when the country with its pure air, and green fields and blissful rural views is so inviting. When each one could have an acre and every family a whole house, and the great hemisphere above is filled with the purest air. How is it and why is it that so many should crowd into these paved streets and high walled houses. I know not nor does any one know. Here they are, and here young men and young women continue to come. In vain does Mr. Greeley of the *Tribune* tell them that the city is full. In vain does the home missionary tell them that thousands of young men and women come here every year to die of vice, and dissipation, and misery; still they crowd in. Employment offices are every day crowded with new comers. Wages which an employer would be ashamed to offer in the country are greedily seized upon here by persons of both sexes. Extravagance runs riot, and as small wages will go but little ways in buying elegant clothing and securing food, in this great metropolis, some other means than honorable ones, must be hunted up to enable the new comer to eke out even a tolerable existence. The road to ruin becomes easy through the influence of these vexatious wants which an honorable occupation cannot supply. And ruin, stark, naked ruin, falls upon tens of thousands of young people, who come here with good principles, good resolutions and noble ambitions. If young men and women would be "healthy, wealthy and wise," let them stay in the blessed country rather than forsake it for the fearful perils of a city life.

A young man has just passed, dressed in Broadway style, guarded on the right and left by a New York policeman. He had a good natured face; but his eyes looked red and fiery, and debauchery seemed to be enhas been in the city only four months; he came from a thrifty home in Windsor County, Vermont, where his father still lives, a well to do farmer. He had a good education and his early life promised good results. But the tinsel of city life bewitched him and, like thousands of others, against the remonstrances of friends, he left a good home in the country to seek a better in the city; but like thousands of others he fell. At first, earning a scanty living as a porter in a dry goods house, he made acquaintances among those who told him he could do better—and hearing to their dreamy tales, he enlisted in the work of theft and robbery. To day he was caught in the act of stealing a piece of silk from his own employer, and probably his ruin is complete. He is now an inmate of the Tombs. His associates are felons. What a sad change. But these cases are by no means rare. The records of the courts are filled with instances of this character. And many a good father and mother, in their New England home, has died of a broken heart, after learning of the sad fate which had befallen the boy who was their promise and hope, or the girl who was their idol and joy, but who in some hour of vain amaginings abandoned a country for a city life.

MORE ANON.

THE SPRINGDALE STORIES.

We have received from the publishers, Messrs. Lee & Shepard, Boston, six volumes with the above general title, making a very neat and attractive series. The author is Mrs. S. B. C. Samuels, who is well known as an occasional contributor to this and other periodicals, particularly juveniles.

A contemporary has said that "the youngsters owe a great debt to Lee & Shepard for their generous efforts to instruct, and entertain the young people by publishing such great numbers of attractive books for their especial use." We would add that the thanks of those same youngsters' parents, are also due especially for the issue of the Springdale Stories.

There is a tendency, we are sorry to say, in much of the juvenile literature of the present day towards the "sensational." Young people are often taught to forget that they are still young, and examples are held up for their admiration, which at least go far wards exciting a spirit of insubordination against authority, and creating a thirst for adventure for "running away from home," in short, and the same has been often remarked to us by parents and guardians. Mrs. Samuels has evidently aimed to avoid it, as she says in a preface to one of her books:

Throughout the series I have endeavored to show the importance of trying to attain a high moral standard, and to impress on my readers that little deeds and words of kindness go very far towards making up the sum of human happiness. I have endeavored to show that honesty and integrity of character are always recognised, and have the greatest weight and influence; and that injustice, meanness, cowardice, wrong doing in any form is surely punished.

I have endeavored to teach my young readers the importance of appealing to and relying on their Creator at all times, believing in and trusting Him with a constant and unswerving taith.

In the present volume I have given an account of the methods by which some of the most valuable edible fish are captured, and have described the breeding habits of some of the shore birds.

The discovery of the smuggler's cave, and the plans for the capture of the outlaws, will, I trust, prove not unmteresting.

The description of the Eton Montem will be recognised by many of my readers; and the building of the lighthouse is described from actual fact.

If my efforts to entertain and instruct have been even a small measure successful, I shall feel amply rewarded.

Trusting to soon renew with my readers our, to me, pleasant intercourse, I now, for the present, wish them a kind farewell.

The names of the different volumes, are Adele, Eric, Herbert, Nettie's Trial, Johnston's Farm, Ennisfellen.

The series is a most valuable one for Sunday school libraries, and we have no doubt it will be very popular. The books are gotten up in the attractive style for which Messrs. Lee & Shepard are noted in their publications, and are enclosed in a neat box. The price is seventy-five cents per volume.

☞ Tobacco may be classed among the great agricultural products of the world. In 1840, the number of persons in the United States engaged in the culture and manufacture of tobacco was 1,500,000. At the present time there are 50,000 journeymen cigar makers alone in the United States. England derives a revenue of about £27,000,000 from tobacco. In 1868, the estimated crop for Virginia and North Carolina was 4500 hogsheads, of 1200 pounds each, making 5,000,000 pounds, and in 1869 the estimates for Virginia were 6,000,000.

READ AND RUN.

— Gen. Lee drew his own last will and testament, and so long ago as 1846.

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— The Indians on the plains salt the rails of the Union Pacific, which the buffalo come to lick up and are caught by the trains. But it proves bungling for the trains, though the enterprising red men manage to get their fresh meat out of it.

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— Base ball has slain twenty-five individuals during the year, according to the accident list.

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— An idle story goes that the Prussians have trained hawks to catch the pigeons that carry the letters out of Paris.

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New Advertisements.

LARGE SALE
--OF--
BLOODED STOCK
--AND--
Farming Implements
AT PUBLIC AUCTION,
ON TUESDAY, NOV. 22, 1870,
At the Farm of the Subscriber, known as the "Payson Farm,"
IN FOXBORO', MASS.

The Sale will consist of
25 THOROUGHBRED JERSEY CATTLE,
selected from a selection of the best types of this celebrated breed from a selection of the best types of this celebrated breed from whose stock, and the herd has been pronounced by judges equal to any in the State.
Three **GRADES**, from best native stock.
One **ETHAN ALLEN STALLION**, a fine representative of his sire.
One **BLACK HAWK STALLION**, sire, Hill's Black Hawk.
One **BROWN MARE**, **Kitty Clyde**, who has no superior as a roadster or pleasure driver.
One pair superior **FARM HORSES.**
Six **COLTS**, of Ethan Allen, Black Hawk and Gen. Knox stock.
Forty **CHESTER HOGS and PIGS.**
Double & Single **CARRIAGES, SLEIGHS and HARNESSES.**
HORSE BLANKETS, WAGONS, CARTS, and a great variety of **FARMING IMPLEMENTS**, comprising the Proprietor's entire pleasure and farming stock.
Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.
But Stock will not be sold until after 1 o'clock, P. M., giving parties from abroad, who desire, opportunity to attend the Sale by taking the mid-day trains on the Boston and Providence, Taunton and New Bedford, and the Mansfield and Framingham Railroads, and return the same afternoon.
Carriages will be in waiting at Mansfield and Framingham Railroad, stop on the premises.
TERMS OF SALE: and Pedigrees of Stock given in catalogue on the day of sale.
The Farm, which is under a high state of cultivation and considered one of the best in the County, is offered for sale on the most favorable terms.
E. P. CARPENTER, Proprietor
AND AUCTIONEER.
Foxboro', Nov. 8, 1870. nov12-1t

W. H. CARPENTER, M. D.,
Physician Special for Catarrh and Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Throat and Lungs.
For the greater convenience of his patients, many of whom found it inconvenient to visit his residence upon Boylston street, has taken consultation rooms at
NO. 147 TREMONT STREET.
(Corner West Street.)
Many years of practical experience in the treatment of these diseases alone, and Dr. C.'s past success in practice, enable him to assert his ability to cure cases that are advanced so as to render recovery impossible. *Consumption is incurable.* Such is the opinion of our most eminent physicians, thus plainly informing travelers from unfavorable climates like that of New England of the importance of immediate attention to catarrhal and throat affections, whose tendencies to destroy sight and hearing, and finally to lead to consumption, are well known. *Persons interested should send for Dr. C.'s circular, containing a descriptive article upon catarrh, its symptoms and consequences, besides many testimonials of cures of cases of catarrh, lung disease, deafness, discharges of the ears, noises in the head and blindness.* Office hours, Sundays excepted, nov19-4t

Wanted, on First of April.
A MAN AND WIFE—*without children preferred*—to take charge of or oversee a farm in Braintree, Mass. An able bodied man from 22 to 40 years of age and his wife who can turn off good work in the house. To such to understand how to make butter, etc. Such a person and none other need apply. *Americans* may apply by letter and will be treated as such. Address to CALEB SAUNDERS, No. 24 Pearl street, Boston—on or before the 10th of December—will receive attention. nov19-4t

Colored Lithographs
OF FRUITS AND FLOWERS. Superior to all others. Four samples by mail for $1.
Send for List.
F. K. PHOENIX,
Bloomington Nursery, Ill.

Choice Fowls For Sale.
OFFER for sale at fair prices, a few pairs or trios of imported Black LANGSHAN FOWLS, and a few Light BRAHMA COCKS. The above fowls are very fine and strictly pure.
JOHN A. LORD,
nov19-2t Kennebunk, Me.

Pure Bred Ayrshire Stock,
FOR SALE.—Cow "Elsie" 2 years, 2 months, and bred to my Ayrshire bull "Brown Nose" winner of First Prize at N. Y. state Fair, 1869. Heifer "Alice," 1 year, 5 mos., in calf to "Brown," and heifer "Effie," 1 yr. 1 mo., in calf to heifers bred by Messrs. W. Lorimer, Wm. Watson, Mass., and sired by his imported bull "Comet"; their pedigrees have been forwarded for entrance in the Herd Book, not yet issued.
Time for the four $350.
FRANCIS H. APPLETON,
nov13-3t "Broadfields Farm."

"Big Boot."
Young Men's Fine Dress Boots,
Tal Size—Selling Low, at
312 HANOVER STREET,
Also, a full line Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes.
Store open every evening until 9 o'clock.
nov19-2t

The American WHEAT CULTURIST,
A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON THE
CULTURE OF WHEAT,
embracing a brief History and Botanical Description of WHEAT—with full practical directions for selecting seed, reducing new varieties, and cultivating on different kinds of soil.
Fully illustrated with numerous engravings of a practical character.
By S. EDWARDS TODD.
This is a handsomely bound duodecimo volume of 43 pages, and will be sent by mail, postage paid, at the price of $2.
—ALSO—
ALLEN'S AMERICAN CATTLE,
THEIR HISTORY, BREEDING AND MANAGEMENT.
By LEWIS F. ALLEN,
Editor "American Shorthorn Herd Book," etc., etc.
This Work, which has been highly commended by the Press, should be carefully studied by every breeder and owner of cattle. It is a handsomely illustrated and well printed and bound volume of duodecimo size, and it will be mailed, postage paid, to any address in the United States or Canada on receipt of the price $2.
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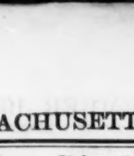
O. D. T. MOORE, Publisher,
41 Park Row, N. Y.

New Advertisements.

The strongest and best secured, as well as most profitable investment now offered in the market.
7 PER CENT. GOLD First Mortgage Bonds
COUPON OR REGISTERED, AND
FREE OF U. S. TAX,
Principal and Interest Payable in Gold,
ISSUED BY THE
BURLINGTON, CEDAR RAPIDS
--AND--
Minnesota R. R. Co.
The small remaining balance of the Loan for sale at
90 and Accrued Interest in Currency.
Interest Payable May and November.
J. EDGAR THOMSON, } Trustees.
CHARLES L. FROST, }
The Bonds are issued at $20,000 per mile against the portion only of the line fully completed and equipped.
The greater part of the road is already in operation, and the present earnings are largely in excess of the operating expenses and interest on the Bonds. The balance of the work necessary to establish through connections thereby shortening the distance between St. Paul and Chicago 45 miles, and 90 miles to St. Louis, is rapidly progressing, in time for the movement of the coming grain crops, which it is estimated will double the present income of the road.
The established character of this road, running as it does through the heart of the most thickly settled and richest portion of the great State of Iowa, together with its present advanced condition and large earnings warrant us in unhesitatingly recommending these Bonds to investors as, in every respect, an undoubted security. A small quantity of the issue only remains unsold, and when the enterprise is completed, which will be this Fall, an immediate advance over subscription price may be looked for.
The bonds have 50 years to run, are convertible at the option of the holder into the stock of the Company at par, and the payment of the principal is provided for by a sinking fund. The convertibility privilege attached to these bonds cannot fail to cause them at an early day to command a marked price considerably above par. U. S. Five-twenties, at present prices, return only 4½ per cent. currency interest, while these Bonds pay 9¼ per cent., and we regard them to be as safe and fully equal as a security to any Railroad Bond issued; and until they are placed upon the New York Stock Exchange, the rules of which require the road to be completed, we obligate ourselves to re-buy at any time any of these Bonds sold by us after this date at the same price as realized by us on their sale.
All marketable Securities taken in payment free of Commission and Express charges.
HENRY CLEWS & CO.,
No. 32 Wall Street, New York.
FOR SALE BY
TOWER, GIDDINGS & TORREY,
BREWSTER, SWEET & CO.
FOGG BRO'S. & BATES,
HEAD & PERKINS,
SPENCER, VILA & CO.,
BOSTON.
Of whom pamphlets and information may be obtained.
nov19-4t



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19 and 22 Dock Square,
(Up Stairs)
Is the place to fit out your boys at low prices.
Every garment is marked in plain figures.
One Price Only!
EVERY ONE SERVED ALIKE. The only true principle on which to do business.
Remember the STAR in Old Dock Square,
Remember 'tis raised to heat you.
nov19-4t

THE BEST PAPER, AND THE BEST INDUCEMENTS!
This Quarter's **13 Numbers SENT FREE** to all subscribing, before Dec. 25, 1870, for next year's Fifty-Two Numbers of
MOORE'S RURAL NEW YORKER,
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RURAL AND FAMILY WEEKLY.
FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY.
The RURAL now in its 21st year, is not only the **Largest, Best and Cheapest**, but by far the **Largest Circulating Journal of its Class in the World**. National in Character, Ably Edited, Superbly Illustrated and Printed, it is the
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TERMS, INDUCEMENTS, ETC.
TERMS—$3 a Year of 52 Numbers, and only $2.50 in Clubs of Ten. This Quarter's 13 Numbers sent **FREE** as offered above. Our Club Inducements for 1871 are unprecedented. Specimens, Premium Lists, &c., sent free to all wanting Clubs,—and we want a live Club Agent in every Town. Address
D. D. T. MOORE, 41 Park Row, New York.
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Gales' Vegetable Slicer.
PRICE $10 to $20. Cuts fine or coarse for Cattle or Pigs, and will be in the hands of every Farmer in the land. Sent by mail, postage paid, at the price of $2.
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A LARGE STOCK OF
OVERCOATS
In all Grades, and at Prices that
CANNOT BE BEATEN.
We are steadily increasing our trade by keeping
A CHOICE STOCK,
AND MERITING THE
Confidence of the Public.
CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER.
L. D. BOISE & CO., Clothing House,
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Thoroughbred Shorthorn Cattle.
I HAVE for sale at FAIRVIEW STOCK FARM, in North Leominster, BULLS, COWS and HEIFERS, bred with special reference to the wants of New England.
AUGUSTUS WHITMAN.
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TAXIDERMIST'S MANUAL.
Giving full instructions in Skinning, Mounting, and Preserving Birds, Animals, Reptiles, Fishes, Insects, Eggs, &c. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $1. Address
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BOYS! BOYS! you can make MONEY by trapping. Do not buy bogus "recipes" out buy "The Hunter's Guide and Trapper's Companion." It tells how to build, trap, and CATCH all game from mink to bear, all the secrets, traps, snares and baits. 35,000 sold. The only reliable work. A neat bound volume. Every boy and farmer needs it. Only 25 cents mailed free. Address, HUNTER & CO., Publishers, Hinsdale, N. H. nov19 1t*

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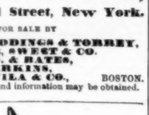

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THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, OR SELF PRESERVATION. A Medical Treatise on the Cause and Cure of EXHAUSTED VITALITY, PREMATURE DECLINE IN MAN, NERVOUS AND PHYSICAL DEBILITY, HYPOCHONDRIA, and all other diseases arising from the ERRORS OF YOUTH or the INDISCRETIONS OF EXCESS of mature years. This is indeed a book for every man. Price only One Dollar. 285 pages, bound in cloth.
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Flattered by the reception of, and great demand for, the above valuable and timely treatises, and also to meet a great need of the present age, the author has just published a Book, treating exclusively of NERVOUS and MENTAL DISEASES. 150 pp. cloth. Price 50 cents, or *sent free* on receipt of $3 for the other two books, postage paid.
These are, beyond all comparison, the most extraordinary works, on Physiology ever published. There is nothing whatever that the MARRIED or SINGLE of EITHER SEX can either require or wish to know, but what is fully explained, and many matters of the most important and interesting character are introduced, to which no allusion even can be found in any other works in our language. All the NEW DISCOVERIES of the author, whose experience is such as probably never before fell to the lot of any man, are given in full. No person should be without these valuable books.
"VALUABLE BOOKS.—We have received the valuable medical works by the Peabody Medical Institute. These books are of actual merit, and should find a place in every household."—*Farmington Chronicle, Maine, Sept. 7, 1869.*
N. B.—Avoid those foreign and native quacks who are as lawless as they are ignorant, who under high sounding titles, have stolen the substance of the chapters of these works, and in some instances the titles of the books, and advertise them as their own.
Either book sent by mail on receipt of price.
Address "THE PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE," or DR. W. H. PARKER, No. 4 Bulfinch street, Boston.
Dr. Parker may be consulted in strictest confidence on all diseases requiring skill, and experience. INVIOLABLE SECRECY AND CERTAIN RELIEF.
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Burrington's Vegetable Croup Syrup.
THE Croup comes like a thief in the night—therefore the child is fast to keep a bottle of Burrington's Croup Syrup by you at all times. It is safe to use, and will also be best article in use for Whooping Cough, Colds, Sore Throat, &c. For sale by druggists generally. Prepared by H. H. BURRINGTON, Wholesale Druggist, Providence, R. I., and druggist's generally. nov19-418

ROOT'S SCHOOL FOR THE CABINET ORGAN.
Containing Progressive Lessons, Studies, and Scales; Songs, Duets, Trios, and Quartets; Voluntaries, Interludes, and Recreations, for the Parlor and Social Circle. A work of established popularity. Price, $2.50.
By GEORGE F. ROOT.
Price $2.50. Sent postpaid on receipt of price.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., 277 Washington Street, Boston. nov19

Rare Chance.
THE EXCELSIOR FARM FOR SALE.
This Farm as its name indicates, for climate, health and *delightful natural situation*, is not anywhere surpassed. It is situated on the saddle ridge of the highest tableland that separates the water that runs east to the Delaware and west to the Chesapeake Bay, and on the telegraph road to Port Deposit, three miles west of the State Agricultural College at Newark, Delaware. There are seventy-two acres under cultivation, and twenty acres of choice *Chestnut and Hickory* woodland. The *Peach and Apple* orchards are in excellent bearing condition. It has six well located *unfailing natural springs of soft water.* The buildings are all ample, in good condition and commodious. The title is indisputable. To one early Price $12,000. Apply to JOSEPH WILDMAN, owner, on the premises. Post Office address, Newark, Delaware.
nov13-1t*

150,000 Acres of Land for Sale
The McGregor and Missouri River Railway Company offer 150,000 acres of land for sale at $5@$10 per acre, in lots of forty acres and upwards, situated in the counties of Howard, Cerro Gordo, Kossuth, Hancock, Palo Alto, Pocahontas and Lyon, in Northern Iowa, on the line of the Milwaukee and St. Paul, McGregor and Missouri River and the Des Moines Valley Railroads. SOIL rich black loam, LANDS high rolling prairie, not subject to overflow. WATER abundant. TITLE from the U. S. Government. TERMS—7 per cent. per annum interest and 10 per cent. per annum of the principal or, if the purchaser improves the land, no payment for two years is required except the taxes. CLIMATE the best in the world.
For Maps, Pamphlets or other information apply to
O. E. FARLEE, Agent,
nov19-4t Algona, Kossuth County, Iowa.

Administrator's Sale.
Will be sold by license of the Probate Court for the County of Middlesex, on MONDAY, the fifth day of December next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at the house, late of Persian H. Yose of Framingham, deceased, all the right, title and interest which the said Persian H. Yose had at the time of his decease to the following real estate, viz: about twenty acres of land with a small dwelling house thereon, situate in the north westerly part of said Framingham, and bounded northerly by lands of E. F. Bowditch, easterly by lands of J. W. Waikup, southerly by lands of George A. Trowbridge and lands of E. F. Bowditch and westerly by a Town road leading from the house of said deceased to the house of William Cutting; also, at the same time and place, all the right, title and interest the said Yose had at the time of his decease to a certain small lot and stable standing thereon, numbered seventeen in the fourth range of stables situate northeasterly of the Meeting-house of the Hollis Evangelical Society in Framingham.
Terms of sale and other particulars in regard to the premises will be made known at the sale.
WARREN NIXON, Adm'r.
Framingham, Nov. 14, 1870. nov19 3t

EIGHT O'CLOCK.

New Advertisements.

Executor's Sale.
Will be sold at public auction, by leave of Probate Court, on MONDAY, the 5th day of December next, at one o'clock, P. M., on the premises, all the right, title and interest of Kinsley Wilmarth, deceased, in the Crack Rock estate, in Foxborough, consisting of a dwelling house, about 3 acres of land, a Shingle and Grist Mill, with a valuable Water privilege. Various articles of personal property will be sold at the same time.
JOHN DAGGETT, Executor.
Foxborough, Nov. 14, 1870. nov19-3t

THE CENTRAL RAILROAD OF IOWA,
Connecting St. Louis and St. Paul.
NOW NEARLY COMPLETED.
This road is built by a Company of strong capitalists, who have pushed their work forward at a rapid rate.
ONE MILLION
OF THE
First Mortgage Bonds
of the Company remain, which are offered at the very low rate of
90 and Accrued Interest.
Among their advantages are—
1st. The road is nearly finished, and the cars are expected to run across the State in sixty days.
2d. The road has been built only of the best material, the iron having been manufactured expressly for it, at a much higher cost than that usually paid.
3d. It runs through a most superb agricultural country.
4th. It has great advantages in carrying coal North and bringing lumber South.
5th. The Mortgage is only $16,000 per mile, while many other roads are bonded to double this amount.
6th. The road is principally owned by bankers and other capitalists, who have invested a large sum in its construction, and who have every reason to take care of its obligations.
7th. A First Mortgage for so small an amount, upon a road so near completion, and in such strong hands, may well be considered a perfectly safe security.
We believe there will be no more favorable time to sell Governments, and buy really First-class Railroad Securities—such as these—than the present. With any further decline in Gold, Governments must decline also.
W. B. SHATTUCK, *Treasurer,*
32 Pine Street, New York.

BREWSTER, SWEET & CO.,
No. 40 State St., Boston,
GENERAL AGENTS FOR THESE BONDS.
Governments received in exchange at the highest market rates. We recommend these Bonds as entirely safe, as well as profitable.
BREWSTER, SWEET & CO.

One Price Only!
After a full examination, we have accepted an Agency for the Sale of the above First Mortgage Bonds, and desire to recommend them to our customers **AS A THOROUGHLY SAFE, AS WELL AS PROFITABLE, INVESTMENT.**
JAY COOKE & CO.,
20 WALL STREET, N. Y.
oct29-4t

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD CO.
HAVE A
Land Grant Direct, from the Government
AND
12,000,000 Acres
--OF THE--
Best Farming and Mineral Lands in America.
3,000,000 acres choice farming lands on the line of road.
STATE OF NEBRASKA,
In the Great Platte Valley!
Now for sale, for cash or credit at low rates of interest These lands are near the 41st parallel of North Latitude is healthy climate, and in character, soil and stock raising are unequalled by any in the United States.
Convenient to market both east and west. Prices range from $2.50 to $10.00 per acre.
GREAT INDUCEMENTS
To Settlers with limited means.
2,500,000 ACRES
Rich government lands alternate with those named between
FORT KEARNEY AND NORTH PLATTE,
Surveyed and open for entry under the Homestead and not Pre-emption laws, and can be taken by
ACTUAL SETTLERS, ONLY.
An opportunity never before presented for securing homes near a great Railroad with all the conveniences of an old settled country. New edition of descriptive pamphlets with maps, now ready and sent free to all parts of the United States, Canada and Europe. Address,
O. F. DAVIS, Land Commissioner,
nov12-13t U. P. R. R. Co., Omaha, Neb.

Thoroughbred Shorthorn Cattle.
I HAVE for sale at FAIRVIEW STOCK FARM, in North Leominster, BULLS, COWS and HEIFERS, bred with special reference to the wants of New England.
AUGUSTUS WHITMAN.
nov12-13t Fitchburg, Mass.

Ayrshire and Jersey Bulls,
FOR SALE.
1 AYRSHIRE BULL, aged three years.
1 do. do. do. two do.
1 do. do. do. twenty months.
All sired by "Tam O'Shanter," Herd Book, (368).
—ALSO—
A JERSEY BULL, one year old, with perfect pedigree. For sale by BENJAMIN PEIRCE.
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$3 Watch! $3 Watch!
THE GREAT EUROPEAN
Eureka Aluminum Gold Watch Co.
J. F. WILLIAMS & CO., JEWELERS,
561 Broadway, New York,
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U. S.
And have authorized them to sell their great EUREKA ALUMINUM GOLD WATCHES for Three Dollars, and to warrant each and every one to keep correct time for one year. The Watch we guarantee to be the best and cheapest time-keeper that is now in use in any part of the globe. The works are in double cases, Ladies' and Gents' size, and are beautifully chased. The cases are made of the metal now so widely known in Europe as Aluminum Gold. It has the *exact color of Gold, which it always retains*; it will stand the test of the strongest acids; no one can tell it from Gold only by weight, the Aluminum Gold being one-fourth lighter. The works are all made by machinery, the same as the well known American Watch. We pack the Watch safely in a small box and send it by mail to any part of the United States on receipt of $3.50; fifty cents for packing and postage. A key is sent free with each Watch. Money should be sent by Post-Office Money Order or in a Registered Letter. Address all orders and communications to
J. F. WILLIAMS & CO., JEWELERS,
561 Broadway, New York.
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THE WEBSTER FURNACE.
THIS Furnace for heating Churches, Halls and Private Dwellings, we do not hesitate to say, is superior to any Hot Air Furnace ever offered to the public. We only ask an examination of its merits, and guarantee PERFECT SATISFACTION in every case. Send for circular containing description and certificates from parties using the Furnace.
DIGHTON FURNACE COMPANY,
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—MANUFACTURERS OF—
STOVES, RANGES, FURNACES,
HOLLOW WARE, &c. &c.
—ALSO—
WROUGHT IRON PIPE,
Plain and Galvanized, for Steam, Water and Gas.
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The Place To Buy SEWING MACHINES,
130 Tremont Street,
OVER HARRIS' DRUG STORE.
Pleasant rooms, the best Machines, and easiest terms of payment. Call and satisfy yourselves before purchasing elsewhere. REMEMBER THE PLACE.
130 Tremont St., cor. Winter.
L. A. DARLING.

1826 USE THE "VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM." 1870
The old standard remedy for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, "a tried friend." CUTLER BROS. & Co., Boston.
nov12-24t-e

PURE BRED CHESTER WHITE Pigs, Sheep, Poultry, Pigeons, Rabbits, &c., bred and shipped by J. W. & M. IRWIN, Pennsylvania, Chester Co., Pa. Send for illustrated Circular. nov12-6t

I WAS cured of Deafness and Catarrh by a simple remedy, and will send the receipt free.
oct29-4t* MRS. M. C. LEGGETT, Hoboken, N.J.

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY CIDER MILLS
--AND--
PRESSES.
THE BUCKEYE performs more work with less labor than any other Cider Mill in the market, and is portable and durable.
Numerous First Premiums have been awarded to it at State and County Fairs.
WE ARE THE ONLY MAKERS,
OUR CORN SHELLERS
embrace the BOSTON, CLINTON, SOUTHERN, WESTERN, YANKEE and other good varieties, and are all made with Wrought Iron Shafts.
We have a large assortment of
CORNSTALK, FEED AND VEGETABLE CUTTERS,
Also a
HAY CUTTERS,
with or without Hide Rollers, and with straight, spiral and other knives.
OUR ASSORTMENT OF
ICE TOOLS
embraces every kind in practical use, and is of choice quality and handsomely finished.
OUR PORTABLE
FARMERS' BOILERS
--AND--
FEEDING STEAMERS
are of numerous sizes, and adapted to economy in fuel and to quick heating.
OUR SWIVEL PLOWS,
for Hillside and F at Land Plowing, obviate all need for Dead Furrows, and are the best patterns for both Sward and Stubble work.
Ames Plow Company,
MANUFACTURERS OF
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS
AND MACHINES,
—AND DEALERS IN—
Seeds, Fertilizers, &c.
Factories at Worcester and Groton Junction, Mass.
WAREHOUSES
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BOSTON
UNION INSTITUTION
—FOR—
SAVINGS.
Semi-Annual Interest equal to
SEVEN PER CENT.
For annum, guaranteed by a capital of
$2,250,000,
Safely invested in mortgages of real estate ranging from
ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS
Upwards. It receives small deposits, makes small loans, and pays the highest rates of interest.
Deposits made prior to November 15th go on interest at that time.
JOHN C. CROWLEY, President.
GEORGE F. EMERY, Treasurer.
nov12-13t

French & Coffin,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
SADDLERY
--AND--
Carriage Hardware.
--ALSO--
MANUFACTURERS OF
HORSE BLANKETS
--AND--
LAP RUGS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
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A LARGE STOCK OF
OVERCOATS
In all Grades, and at Prices that
CANNOT BE BEATEN.
We are steadily increasing our trade by keeping
A CHOICE STOCK,
AND MERITING THE
Confidence of the Public.
CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER.
L. D. BOISE & CO., Clothing House,
30 WASHINGTON ST.,.....BOSTON.
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LOCAL AGENTS WANTED.
I want a Local Agent in every Town and Village in the United States, to canvass for Subscribers to the WESTERN WORLD. A MAGNIFICENT PREMIUM STEEL ENGRAVING is sent *gratis* to every subscriber. From $1.00 to $10.00 can be easily realized in an evening. A liberal cash commission is allowed. Send stamp for Specimens and Prize Circulars. Address
James R. Elliott Boston, Ms.
nov12-4t*

Keep out the Cold Wind and Snow.
BUT our SHEATHING FELT to put on your Roofs before shingling or Shingles. Look at it before purchasing elsewhere.
S. L. MERCHANT & CO.,
nov5-4t 9 India Wharf.

Man's Glory is his Beard.
MY "BARBARICA" will force a luxuriant growth of Beard on the smoothest face in less than four weeks without injury to the skin. It causes the Beard to grow rapidly, fully and wavy folds. Price per package 50c, three for one dollar. Send stamp for catalogue. Address DR. VAN HOLM, Box 2127 Boston, Mass. jan8-1y*

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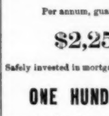
LEWIS'S INHALENT FOR PHTHISIC, ALWAYS
GIVES UNIVERSAL SATISFACTION.
Sold wholesale and retail, by WEEKS & POTTER, 170 Washington Street, Boston.
J. C. LEWIS, Proprietor,
oct22-26t Belfast, Maine.



LADY'S ALMANAC, 1871: Ready Nov. 1; with many beautiful Original illustrations printed on Tinted Paper, in fine Cloth Binding, with Gilt Fronts and Back Titles, and Gilt edged Leaves; replete with interesting, useful, and entertaining Prose and Verse. Price 50 cents. Book mailed postpaid. GEORGE COOLIDGE, Publisher, 209 Washington St., Boston.
nov5-3t

NEW PIANOS
FOR $225,
NEW 7-OCTAVE PIANOS,
At A. W. LADD & CO.'S,
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VINEGAR, how made from Cider, Wine, Molasses or Sorghum, in 10 hours, without using drugs. For terms, address F. I. SAGE, Vinegar Maker, Cromwell, Conn. sep20-1y*

Mrs. J. B Paige's NEW METHOD FOR THE PIANO FORTE.
Recently published by Oliver Ditson & Co., is the best book of the kind in market, it being a key to similar publications.
MRS. PAIGE will give lessons to pupils, and fit Teachers in a remarkably short space of time.
For Circulars, address Mrs. J. B. PAIGE, with stamp, 14 Chauncey Street, or at OLIVER DITSON & CO.'s, 277 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. nov5-12t

The Hutchinson Peach.
FOR more than forty years, there has not been an entire failure of a crop from this Peach. It is a native seedling, obtained on the farm without mixture from other varieties. The quality is not surpassed. Spicy, juicy, pleasant, tender, fresh, white colored about the stone, skin, bluish in the sun, but mostly light colored, mottled with pink, medium size. It belongs to the Barrytge class of peaches. Tree vigorous, long dark green leaf. The fruitfulness and quality of this peach to be fully appreciated, should be seen and tasted as it is now September 12th, in perfection on Hutchinson Farm, in Reading, Mass.
The whole crop is in demand in the immediate vicinity. The crop does not exceed fifty bushels, which at $4 per bushel, is the most profitable product of Mr. Hutchinson's Farm.
J. W. MANNING,
sep17-4t Reading, Mass.

Guardian's Sale of Real Estate,
IN WOBURN.
By license of the Probate Court will be sold at public auction, on MONDAY, the 28th day of November next, at one o'clock, P. M., all the interest that Amos Francis Dearborn, a minor, has in the following described Real Estate, to wit:—one undivided third part of Estate late of Andrew Dearborn, of said Woburn, deceased, said minor's interest will be sold in common with other heirs of the estate, the entire estate to be sold and a perfect title will be given.
1st. The homestead with the buildings situated on Washington street, in Woburn, containing about thirty-five acres, suitably divided into mowing, tillage, pasture, orchard and wood lots.
2d. About three-fourths of an acre called "Schoolhouse lot" situated on same street south of the homestead.
3d. About six acres of woodland called "Sweetser lot," situate near the Tudion place.
4th. About four and one-half acres also called "Sweetser lot" situate near Richardson's Mill Pond.
5th. Two acres of meadow land called "Buck Meadow" adjoining the Jacob Wright place.
6th. Three acres of meadow land situate on West Street, in Reading, near Wilmington Line, called Bancroft lot.
All the above will be sold on the homestead lot. Terms made known at sale. The personal property belonging to said estate will be sold on same day before and after the sale of Real Estate. Sale to commence at 12 o'clock, M.
NATHAN P. PRATT, Guard'n.
WM. H. TEMPLE, Auct'r.
Reading, Nov. 2, 1870. nov5-3t

Guardian's Sale.
By virtue of a license from the Judge of Probate Court for the County of Middlesex, I shall sell on
MONDAY, the twenty-first day of November current, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, all the right, title and interest which Arthur K. Stone of said Framingham, a minor, has in and to a parcel of land in the centre village of said Framingham, bounded, commencing at the southwesterly corner of the premises, at the northwest corner of George B. Brown's homestead three rounding north-erly by the town road about 26 feet to Charles Richardson's land, thence easterly on said Richardson's land about 136 feet to a post and stones, thence on said Richardson's land, thence northerly on said Richardson's land two feet, thence somewhat south of east about 420 feet to a stake and stones, thence northerly 21 feet to a stake and stones by said Brown's land, thence nearly west by said Brown's land to the bound first mentioned.
MARY S. STONE,
Guardian of said minor.
Framingham, Nov. 1, 1870. nov5-3t

A GREAT BARGAIN!
A RARE BARGAIN!
VALUABLE STOCK FARM!

On the Albany Railroad, a highly valuable stock farm, keeps 25 head of cattle and pair of horses. Fine collection of fruit, comprising 100 apple trees; also pears, cherries, peaches, plums and berries. There is a valuable Sugar Orchard of 850 trees, with a sugar house, fitted up with all the modern improvements. Soft water is brought to house and barn by aqueduct. House of 9 rooms, painted and papered, in good repair: 3 good barns, sheds, carriage house, piggery &c. all in good repair. The buildings are located in the centre of the Farm, commanding a beautiful view—located in the most picturesque section of the State. A cheap and pleasant estate, and is sold only because of the owner's removal.
Price $3,300, on easy terms of payment. Examine full description at office of
GEO. H. CHAPIN,
NEW ENGLAND FARM AGENCY,
20 & 21 Scollay's Building, Boston.
oct22 tf

Valuable Fruit,Grass & Milk Farm.
For sale in the good old town of Hollis, N. H., consisting of 75 acres of land, large two story House, with Wood Shed and Ice House, Barn 40x72, cellar under the whole, with a reservoir and cemented bottom, Tool House, Carriage House and Shop, with cellar under all. Also, a large Granary. Buildings all in good repair. Will keep ten cows in summer and twenty in winter; mowing all done by machine. Sold last year over $1000 worth of apples, and shall have full as many barrels this year. Kitchen Garden well stocked with Peaches, Pears, Strawberries, Raspberries and Grapes, and bearing. Fulling Mill and Farm is 64 miles from the City of Nashua, 1 mile from the centre of Hollis, in an excellent neighborhood, and near school. Beautiful situation has a good view. Farm is well watered with a never failing spring of soft water brought into the house, barn and barn cellar; also a never failing well of clear cold water at the house.
For further particulars apply to
CAPT. N. M. AMES,
oct8-tf on the premises.

Stock and Dairy Farm for Sale.
One of the best in the north part of Worcester County; situated in the southwest part of Fitchburg, containing 500 acres. Sixty hundred acres wood and timber, six miles from depot on Vermont & Massachusetts Railroad; two miles from the proposed Warwick River Railroad. The buildings consist of thorough built two story house, painted and blinded, suitable for two families, spacious cellars, the same in house, small tenement for help; 1 Barn 100x30, one, 40x30, Toolhouse, 24x26; new Lightning Rods on house and barn. Buildings insured for $3,000.
The Farm cuts 75 tons of the best quality English hay; 5 tons meadow hay; best of white clover, pasture, brooks running through the Farm, besides plenty of springs. Keeps from 50 to 100 head of mixed stock; milk made into butter, and cheese on the premises by the Factory process. The crops have been fed on the place for 60 years. To any one wishing to engage in Thoroughbred stock or horses it is a fine opening, as all the material here for a rapid growth, for a small outlay of capital. A small place will be taken in exchange if desired. Hay, Stock, and Tools, or any part can be had with the place if desired.
Possession any time after November 1st, 1870.
The above Farm was advertised in the Ploughman and sold November last. Deed to be made January 1st, 1870. The buyer failed to come to time, and it is now in the market. Call and see it, and I will show you I have not advertised more than I have.
For full particulars inquire of Geo. H. Chapin, Scollay's Building, Boston, or Henry S. Miner on the premises.
Post Office address, Petersham, Mass.
HENRY S. MINER.
Phillipston, Aug. 2, 1870. sep13-tf

Valuable Real Estate for Sale.
This estate is situated on the Quechee River, in Woodstock, Vermont, one mile from "The Green."
On the place is a large dwelling house, pleasantly located and conveniently arranged, five barns and all other needed outbuildings. Under the two largest barns are basements fitted up for keeping sheep, with Root Cellars attached. Running water through the house and all the barns. The estate contains 75 acres of upland mowing, 20 of meadow (interval), 100 of wood and timber, 150 of pasturage, and will keep 6 horses, 10 cows, 4 oxen, and 400 sheep. Within one-fourth of a mile of the house are 1000 thrifty Sugar Maples, yielding generally one ton of sugar each year.
Within convenient distances for laborers, are three tenant houses. There are 800 apple trees of choice grafted fruit on the place. Stock and tools can be had with the farm if desired. Also 260 acres of land, 4 miles from the homestead, with house, barn and 20 acres of tillage land.
For terms and particulars inquire of
CUSHING & BOYNTON,
Woodstock, Vermont.
jly30-tf

Farm for Sale.

The Poet's Corner.

For the Massachusetts Ploughman.

TWILIGHT.

BY ROSE HAWTHORN.

O'er lonely sea and fading woods
The twilight shadows dimly fall,
Eve's star is gleaming in the blue,
November's crescent over all.

The spirit of the summer dead
Still lingers in the haunted air;
The gray pines bow a mute farewell
Before the unseen presence there.

From out the East the sad wind blows
And sighs through all the leafless bowers,
The love birds' tender songs are hushed
And droop the last fair autumn flowers.

The sadness and the silence round,
The glory fading day by day,
Foreshadow human destiny
And steal the thoughts from earth away.

Beneath the stainless skies I stand,
And on the placid landscape gaze,
While tears bedew my weary eyes
In thinking of departed days.

O, vain regrets for by-gone years
And all life's early glory fled,
Sweet hopes and joys and love's fond dream,
For friends estranged and dear ones dead.

All vanished like a dream away—
The young, the fair, the good, the brave—
Alas! for Time, it leads us on
With silent footsteps to the grave.

Boston Highlands, Nov. 2d, 1870.

Ladies' Department.

Written for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

THANKSGIVING.

BY ADA FLORENCE.

'Twas Thanksgiving morning, and little Mrs. Willis was all in a flutter, for her only son, who had been away two years, was coming home that day.

His last letter had told her that she could look for him that noon, and that she must be sure and have dinner all ready, "for," wrote he, "two years in China gives one a relish for a good, old fashioned Thanksgiving dinner."

Mrs. Willis glanced at the little brown clock on the kitchen mantle. "Half past eleven," said she to herself, "In half an hour he will be here, I will take the turkey from the oven now, and make the gravy, so that everything will be ready when he comes. Poor by, he must have been half starved in that outlandish country. I do hope his employer will not want him to go there again, if he did, 'twould be just like the boy to go, after all his experience."

"While talking to herself, Mrs. Willis had taken a plump, deliciously cooked turkey from the oven, and after arranging it carefully in a dish, she placed the dish upon the centre of the li the oval table, where a patch of snowy cloth gleamed white, surrounded by pies, cakes, sauces, and suspicious looking covered dishes, with steam puffing out from under their covers.

Mrs. Willis viewed the whole in a satisfied manner; but she was not aware that another besides herself was looking upon that bountifully loaded table. Had she glanced towards the side window, near the kitchen door, she would have beheld the face of a girl, of perhaps twelve years; a pale weird face it was, with great hungry eyes, looking, O so eagerly at that Thanksgiving dinner. But she saw it not, she was listening to the sound of wheels approaching the house and pausing before the door, and, with a glad cry she left the room eager to greet her son.

She had scarcely left the room before the form at the window darted through the back door into the kitchen; there pausing a moment undecided, she cast a frightened glance at the door through which Mrs. Willis had disappeared, and seemingly reassured by the sound of voices in glad greeting, she seized the turkey from the dish, and with it hurried from the room just as Mrs. Willis entered it, followed by her son, a fine looking stalworth young man of twenty years.

"Ah, Herbert," said she, "you cannot think how much pains I have taken with the dinner to-day. Never was turkey roasted so nicely before, and the—— Ah, the turkey!" she exclaimed, and up went both hands in astonishment as her eyes rested upon the empty plate.

"O, Herbert, the turkey is gone. Some one has stolen it while we were in the entry."

"If that is so, mother, the thief cannot be far off. Perhaps I can get it yet;" and without waiting for his hat he hurried from the house.

Far up the street a girl was running, and in her hand was something that looked to Herbert Willis, suspiciously like a turkey, so he gave chase; and it was evident that he would soon overtake the child, for she was slackening her speed, perhaps feeling confident that she was out of danger. Holding the turkey before her, she was so engrossed with viewing its nicely browned sides that she heard not the sound of quick footsteps behind her, and a look of terror came over her face, as Herbert Willis, grasping her by the arm said,

"Ah, ha, my fine little miss? I have caught you now! What were you in such a hurry to get home with that turkey for?"

"O, please sir, let me go and you may have the turkey again."

"Thank you kindly for the turkey, but just at present I am more anxious for you, so you will oblige me by coming home with me."

"O, do let me go, sir; I will never do so again."

Such a pitiful pleading voice it was. Herbert was almost tempted to grant its request, but upon second thought he put on as stern a countenance as he could command, and still holding her firmly by the arm, he answered just one word. "Come."

"Here is the thief, mother, and here is the turkey," said he, as he entered the house with the little girl, and handed the fowl to his mother.

Mrs. Willis was a small woman, but when occasion required it, she could show a large temper; and never, in all her days, had she so much cause for wrath. If anything had been stolen but that turkey, she would not have cared so much; but she had taken so much pains with it; had been full half an hour mixing the stuffing, so that it tasted just right; and was so proud when it came out of the oven, browned to perfection; and then to have it stolen just at the moment her son was going to enjoy it so much, and a perfect shower of angry and reproachful words fell from her lips, ending with,

"O, you naughty, wicked child; what made you steal it? what *made* you, I say."

There was no fright in the brown eyes that looked into hers; they were as indignant and reproachful as h r own, as she replied.

"You had enough without it, and we are starving."

"Starving! well, why didn't you come and ask me for some cold victuals like a decent beggar, and not sneak into a room and steal the turkey off one's table?"

The child replied not, but her eyes fell beneath the angry ones looking into hers.

"Don't be too hard with the child mother," said Herbert. Poor thing, her face looks as though she hadn't tasted food for a week. Suppose we give her the turkey. We can make a glorious dinner without it, and we couldn't relish it now, as it's travelled nearly to China, and wasn't done up with care either."

"Give it to her! Are you crazy? I would be simply encouraging her to steal."

"I think not mother. A thief had never such honest brown eyes as hers. I would be willing to wager she never stole before. Come here little girl and tell me that it is true. You never did steal before did you?"

So many kind words coming from where she expected to receive angry ones, seemed too much for the little girl to bear, and bursting into tears she told how she had been tempted, and could not resist the temptation.

Mrs. Willis was kind hearted, and at the sight of the child's tears and evident sorrow, her anger vanished, and taking the turkey, presented it to the child, saying—

"Here little girl, you may have it. Now that I have heard your story, I am sorry that I said so many hard things to you, but I thought you were an old hand at stealing. Take it now and go home, and if you will come here to-morrow, I will see if I cannot do something to better your condition," and reading the little girl to the door, she parted with her with kind words.

But the next day the girl came not, and soon the circumstance was forgotten.

It was a warm sunshiny Christmas day about five years after that eventful Thanksgiving. Those years had made some changes in that little household, inasmuch as one more had been added to their number,—Herbert's young wife.

Very beautiful she was, with deep blue loving eyes, and golden hair; and Herbert's only wish was that he might some day surround her with all the luxuries that wealth could procure.

They were sitting together in their little parlor—Herbert, his wife and mother. The latter was sitting by the window watching the passers by; Herbert was rocking slowly in a great old fashioned arm chair, and watching the face of his young wife, as she idly turned the leaves of a new book, a Christmas present from her husband.

"Did you hear the news, Emma?" said he, "Mr. Weston intends to sell out. Wouldn't that be a splendid chance for me if I only had money. He made his fortune in that store, and is now going to retire. How I should like to step into that store as the owner."

"Don't be too impatient to become rich, my son; we are very well as we are, and couldn't be happier," replied his mother, turning from the window to cast a reproachful glance at Herbert.

"I know, but just think, such a chance as that would not come twice in a lifetime. I only wish some one would be so kind as to make me a Christmas present of a few thousand dollars. Don't I own a rich uncle somewhere, mother?"

"Ha, ha, I am afraid not. You came from a poor family, my boy."

"I was in hopes," said he, with a wry face, there was a rich uncle somewhere, I intended to strike a beeline for him and get on his good side before any one in this town could raise money enough to buy the store. Ah—some one is at the door knocking, I will see who it is. On opening the door, he was not a little surprised to see a handsome and fashionably dressed young lady.

"Who do you wish to see, Miss?" asked Herbert.

"Your mother. Is she in."

"She is. Will you walk in? Mother, here is a lady to see you."

Mrs. Willis advanced with her eyes opened wide in wonder. It was evident she had never seen the lady before.

"Mrs. Willis," said the unknown, I have brought you a small Christmas present, which you may think is a strange one, but this letter, (" handing one to Mrs. Willis,") will explain all. I only ask that you will dispose of the present, before you read the letter, I wish you good day and a merry Christmas." And with a graceful bow she left the room.

To say that they were astonished would be using too mild a term. They stood staring at each other bewildered.

At last Herbert found voice to exclaim—

"Well, of all the adventures!"

"But what is the present? asked Mrs. Willis, reassured by the voice of her son.

Herbert went up to the table where the unknown had deposited something nicely covered with a snowy napkin, which he lifted, exposing to view a plump and temptingly cooked turkey covered with dainty sprigs of celery.

"A turkey, by all that's wonderful!" exclaimed Herbert. "What was the need of her telling us to dispose of it before we read the letter, I should have done that any way, it looks so tempting."

"Don't touch it for the world, Herbert!" cried his mother in alarm. How do you know but its poisoned!"

"Poisoned! Ha, ha! The idea of that young lady bringing us a poisoned turkey, when I stake my life she wouldn't harm a fly. I'll tell you how it is. She is rich and eccentric, and likes to spend her money giving Christmas gifts to the poor, and as we live in this small house, she thought we might be glad for a turkey. I'm going to carve it up, any way, to see if it looks as good all the way through," and carving knife in hand he began to carve the fowl in a scientific manner.

"Goodness! What's this in the stuffing!" exclaimed he, as his knife came in contact with some hard object.

"A tin box! I guess she put the salt in so that we could salt it to suit our taste. Wonders never will cease," continued he, as on opening the box he drew out a small India rubber bag. "Now the mystery will be solved," said he, in a tragic tone, but on reading a small piece of paper which he took from the bag, all his playfulness vanished, and turning pale he sank into a chair, exclaiming, "What can it mean, mother!"

"What is it my son?"

"A check for five thousand dollars on the S. bank."

"Herbert!"

"Is the mother, this is a genuine check for that amount, and is signed *Marion Morse*, do you know her!"

"I never heard the name before, but the letter will tell what it means; read it aloud my son."

Herbert took the letter and read as follows—

MRS. WILLIS:—Five years ago last Thanksgiving, you presented me with a turkey, which was the means of saving my mother, brothers and myself from a terrible death.

We were defrauded out of our rights by a cruel relative, and came to this country in hopes of supporting ourselves, but failed miserably. The day after Thanksgiving, we received a letter from our old family lawyer in England, informing us that he had come in possession of a paper which *would* establish our claims beyond a doubt, and that, after some wearying years, we were at liberty to claim our own, and I have always wanted to come to America again, so that I could see and repay the lady and her son, who were so kind to me that Thanksgiving day.

I hope you will not refuse to accept the money, for believe me 'tis but a small recompense for what you have done for me.

Yours in gratitude, MARION MORSE.

"Who would have thought," exclaimed Mrs. Willis, after a pause of wonder, "that the turkey I felt so bad about parting with, would ever be so well replaced."

"O, Herbert, is it not true," said his wife, "that if we cast our bread out upon the waters it will be returned to us before many day?"

"Yes," said he, laughing to see them both so serious. "And if you make a still greater sacrifice and cast out roast turkies, you can prepare to retire from business in a few years."

Herbert, while affecting a playfulness, felt the full force of the lesson, and, even after, the success of the Weston establishment, he treated the poor and unfortunate with the gentleness and consideration which they needed so much. All our readers have, living near them, a Marion Morse, who, perhaps with her mother and sisters, are almost starving, and as they draw around the well filled Christmas table, let them spare a thought for suffering neighbors, a little of the luxuries before them, resting assured that a reward will come, if not in this world, most certainly in the next.

THE ART OF RETICENCE.

But there is art, the most consummate art, in appearing absolutely frank, yet never telling anything which it is not wished should not be known, in being pleasantly chatty and conversational, yet never committing oneself to a statement or an opinion which might be used against one afterwards —*ars celare artem* in keeping one's own counsel as well as in other things. It is only after a long acquaintance with this kind of a person that you find out that he has been substantially reticent throughout, though apparently so frank. Caught by his easy manner, his genial talk, his ready sympathy, you have confided to him not only all you have of your own, but all you have of other people's; and it is only long after, when you reflect quietly, undisturbed by the magnetism of his presence, that you come to the knowledge of how reticent he has been in the midst of his seeming frankness, and how little reciprocity there has been in your confidence together. You know such people for years, and you never know really more of them at the end than you did in the beginning. You cannot lay your fingers on a fact that would in any way place them in your power; and though you did not notice it at the time, and don't know how it has been done now, you feel that they have never trusted you, and have all along carefully avoided anything like confidence. But you are at their mercy by your own rashness, and if they do not destroy you it is because they are reticent for you as well as toward you; perhaps because they despise you for your frankness too much to hurt you; but above all things, not because they are unable. How you hate them when you think of the skill with which they took all that was offered to them, yet never let you see they gave nothing back for their own part—rather by their juggiery of manner made you believe they were giving back as much as they were receiving! Perhaps it was a little ungenerous; but they had the right to argue that if you could not keep your own counsel you would not be likely to keep theirs, and it was only kind at the time to let you hoodwink yourself so that you might not be offended. In manner genial, frank, conversational, sympathetic—in substance absolutely secret, cautious, never seduced into dangerous confidences; as careful for their friends as they are for themselves, and careful even for strangers unknown to them—these people are the salvation as they are the charm of society; never making mischief, and by their habitual reticence, raising up barriers at which gossip, hate and rumor dies.—*Saturday Review.*

MINISTER EXTRAORDINARY. "O! does'nt he disclaim fluidly!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, delightedly, as she listened to the Humtown Intellectual Mutual Improvement Society. Her admiration knew no bounds as a young declaimer, with inspiration truly Demosthenic, launched the flashing beam of his eloquence broadcast among his auditors. "How fluidly he talks! He ought to be a minister, I declare; and how well he would look with surplus on, to be sure! He stands on the nostrum as if he was born an' bred an oratorio all his life. I wish the President was here to-night; I know he'd see he was an extraordinary young man, and like as not appoint him minister extraordinary, instead of some that never preached any at all."

THE SAFE INVESTMENT.

A THRILLING STORY.

In the second year of our late civil war I was married, and went to live with my husband in a little village on the Hudson, some fifty or sixty miles from New York. The house we occupied was a large, rambling mansion of considerable antiquity for this country, and stood a little apart from the rest of the village, surrounded by broad fields and commanding a glorious view of the river and the Highlands. It had been built before the Revolution, by my husband's great grandfather, and though destitute of many "modern improvements," was still a comfortable and pleasant residence.

My husband was a lawyer, and a large real estate owner in the neighborhood, and at the period of which I write was greatly perplexed like many other persons in the North, by the perilous state of times, especially about the safe investment of his funds, as the suspension of specie payments, the great rise in gold, and the military disaster in Virginia, made it almost impossible to tell where it would be safe to deposit or to use one's money in any large amount.

In the course of his transactions in real estate, it happened one day that he received what was to us then a large sum, about ten thousand dollars, which he brought home and placed in my charge, telling me at the same time that he should have to be absent during the evening attending to some business on the other side of the river, and should not be at home till about midnight.

"You can place the money in the safe, dear," he said as he gave it to me, "and tomorrow I will try to find some way to invest it securely."

So saying, he stepped into the buggy which was standing at the door, and, drove away, taking with him our hired man Simon, and leaving me with no one in the house but Dinah, an old colored woman, who fulfilled, in our modest household, the functions of cook and maid-of-all-work, as she had long been in the family of my parents, who, on my marriage, yielded her up to me as a valuable part of my dower.

Dinah was indeed a character. She was tall and very stout, weighing she would never tell how much more than two hundred pounds. She was very black, and as lazy as she was black. I do not think any one could move more deliberately than Dinah did, that is to move at all. And by a wonderful dispensation, see seemed to feel that whatever her other faults might be, she was strong on the point of locomotion. For when she had been moving with a ponderous slowness, almost maddening to a person of ordinary quickness, one of her favorite expressions was, "Well, Miss Lillie, what shall I fly into next?" How she accomplished all she did the Brownies only know. We used sometimes almost to tremble when there was special hurry about our domestic arrangements, and yet Dinah always managed to bring affairs to a consummation just when a minute more would have ruined everything, and with undisturbed front, would slowly enuciate, "Well, Miss, what shall I fly into next?"

It was nearly dark when my husband departed, and after giving my orders to Dinah, or rather my suggestions, I left her, and made the tour of the house, to see that all was right and properly locked up. This duty attended to, I went to my bedroom, intending to pass the time in reading till my husband should return.

It was a large room on the ground floor, with two French windows opening on a broad verandah. The windows were draped with long yellow silk curtains, between which the moonlight faintly entered, dimmed by the shadow of the roof of the piazza, and partly intercepted by the fringe of woodbine which hung from it. My bed stood with its foot towards the windows, and with its head about half a yard from the wall. It was an old fashioned structure, hung with yellow silk like the window curtains, but I slept with the hanging drawn back and fastened to the head-board. The bed was so large that no one ever thought of moving it, except on those seasons of household panic called house cleanings when the combined strength of three or four men was called into requisition to draw it into the middle of the room. So elaborately carved was it that it went by the name of Westminster Abbey in the family. At one end of the room, at no great distance from the bed was a large safe, built in the huge chimney of the mansion, with a door high enough for a person to enter standing upright. Here I was accustomed to place every evening our silver plate on shelves which extended around the sides, on which also were placed boxes containing papers and other valuables. Opposite the foot of the bedstead between the windows, was a large mirror, reaching nearly to the ceiling, which it was old and handsome. How many happy scenes it had reflected in the hundred years it had stood there.

The night was extremely hot, and I therefore left the windows open, though I drew the curtains before I seated myself at my table in the centre of the room, lighted the candles and began to read in order to pass the heavy time before the return of my husband.

After a while I heard the clock strike nine, at which hour Dinah always went to bed. Her chamber was in the attic, the third story of the house. Remembering some household matter about which I wished to speak to her, I started hurriedly up and went into the entry to interrupt her before she came, and our colloquy continued three or four minutes more.

When I returned to my bedroom, feeling somewhat tired, I resolved to go to bed, as at that late hour in the country it was certain that no visitors would call, and my husband could let himself in with the latch key, which he always carried. I thought, however, I would keep awake by reading, and accordingly placed a light stand and candles at the head of the bed. I then closed and fastened the window, undressed and got into bed. The key of the safe I placed, as usual, under my pillow.

After reading perhaps an hour, I grew weary of the book, and quietly laying it down remained for some minutes meditating, with my eyes fixed on the mirror opposite the foot of the bed, in which I could see myself reflected, together with yellow silk curtains behind my head. I was thinking, not unnaturally, how happy I was with such a loving husband and such a large sum of money secure in the safe, when suddenly I saw in the mirror a sight which made my heart stand still. A hand appeared between the curtains, drawing them slowly apart, and grasping cautiously the headboard. It was a man's hand, large and coarse and dark, as if belonging to a mulatto, or by one greatly tanned by exposure to the weather. My first impulse was to start from the bed and scream for help. I repressed it by a strong effort of will, and lay perfectly motionless, except that I partially closed my eyes, keeping them only sufficiently open to watch the mirror. As quick as lightning my mind took in the situation. In the few minutes of my absence from the room, while talking to Dinah in the entry, a thief, a robber, possibly a murderer, had stolen in by the piazza window, he had hidden himself, either under the bed or behind its draped head. He was doubtless armed, and if I cried out, and attempted to escape from the room he could easily reach the door before I could, and for his own security would probably put me to death. Dinah was too distant and too feeble and clumsey to afford me any assistance, and besides was by this time fast asleep in the third story. The man doubtless knew that my husband had that day received a large sum of money, and had gone across the river, leaving me alone, or nearly alone in the house. He had entered, caring only for the money, and anxious above all things, to escape undetected and unrecognized. If I let him know that I was aware of his presence, I should expose myself to murder and perhaps to outrage worse than murder. My obvious policy was to keep quiet and feign sleep. I thought also of my money, and was not altogether willing to resign it without an effort to save it, and to have at least some clue to the identity of the thief. I confess, however, that this last consideration was not a very strong one, and am afraid that, if I could have seen my way clear to an escape from the room and the house, I should have fled incontinently, without stopping to see more than that terrible hand.

A moment, which seemed an hour, passed while those thoughts passed through my mind. I lay perfectly still with my half closed eyes watching the mirror. Slowly and noiselessly the frightful hand pulled up its cover, until I could see the head and face reflected in the glass and glaring at me with fierce, yet wary eyes. The man was mulatto, very dark, with evil passions written in every lineament. I could scarcely refrain from shuddering at the sight of his hateful visage, and speedily closed my eyes to shut it out.

I was not quite ready for the ordeal through which I knew I must soon pass. I wanted to move my light-stand out of the way and so arranged the bed clothes that I could spring from the bed without impediment. I therefore gave a sigh, and moved as if about to wake, slightly opening my eyes at the same time. The head and hand instantly disappeared. I then composedly made the desired change in the position of the stand and arrangement of the clothes, put my watch with the key of the safe under my pillow—so near the edge that they could be easily taken out, as I knew they would be, extinguished one of my candles, said my prayers, and closing my eyes, resigned myself to my fate, with no very sanguine or definite hope of escape from my perilous position.

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I was soon in readiness. I had no means of ascertaining the time, as he had my watch in his pocket and there was no clock in the room. Taking the candle I hastened to arouse Dinah, who, as I shook her, slowly opened her eyes, and with scarcely any more than the usual slowness pronounced her formula, "Well, Miss Lillie, what, shall I fly into next?" How she accomplished all she did the Brownies only know. We used sometimes almost to tremble when there was special hurry about our domestic arrangements, and yet Dinah always managed to bring affairs to a consummation just when a minute more would have ruined everything, and with undisturbed front, would slowly enuciate, "Well, Miss, what shall I fly into next?"

It was nearly dark when my husband departed, and after giving my orders to Dinah, or rather my suggestions, I left her, and made the tour of the house, to see that all was right and properly locked up. This duty attended to, I went to my bedroom, intending to pass the time in reading till my husband should return.

It was a large room on the ground floor, with two French windows opening on a broad verandah. The windows were draped with long yellow silk curtains, between which the moonlight faintly entered, dimmed by the shadow of the roof of the piazza, and partly intercepted by the fringe of woodbine which hung from it. My bed stood with its foot towards the windows, and with its head about half a yard from the wall. It was an old fashioned structure, hung with yellow silk like the window curtains, but I slept with the hanging drawn back and fastened to the head-board. The bed was so large that no one ever thought of moving it, except on those seasons of household panic called house cleanings when the combined strength of three or four men was called into requisition to draw it into the middle of the room. So elaborately carved was it that it went by the name of Westminster Abbey in the family. At one end of the room, at no great distance from the bed was a large safe, built in the huge chimney of the mansion, with a door high enough for a person to enter standing upright. Here I was accustomed to place every evening our silver plate on shelves which extended around the sides, on which also were placed boxes containing papers and other valuables. Opposite the foot of the bedstead between the windows, was a large mirror, reaching nearly to the ceiling, which it was old and handsome. How many happy scenes it had reflected in the hundred years it had stood there.

The night was extremely hot, and I therefore left the windows open, though I drew the curtains before I seated myself at my table in the centre of the room, lighted the candles and began to read in order to pass the heavy time before the return of my husband.

After a while I heard the clock strike nine, at which hour Dinah always went to bed. Her chamber was in the attic, the third story of the house. Remembering some household matter about which I wished to speak to her, I started hurriedly up and went into the entry to interrupt her before she came, and our colloquy continued three or four minutes more.

When I returned to my bedroom, feeling somewhat tired, I resolved to go to bed, as at that late hour in the country it was certain that no visitors would call, and my husband could let himself in with the latch key, which he always carried. I thought, however, I would keep awake by reading, and accordingly placed a light stand and candles at the head of the bed. I then closed and fastened the window, undressed and got into bed. The key of the safe I placed, as usual, under my pillow.

After reading perhaps an hour, I grew weary of the book, and quietly laying it down remained for some minutes meditating, with my eyes fixed on the mirror opposite the foot of the bed, in which I could see myself reflected, together with yellow silk curtains behind my head. I was thinking, not unnaturally, how happy I was with such a loving husband and such a large sum of money secure in the safe, when suddenly I saw in the mirror a sight which made my heart stand still. A hand appeared between the curtains, drawing them slowly apart, and grasping cautiously the headboard. It was a man's hand, large and coarse and dark, as if belonging to a mulatto, or by one greatly tanned by exposure to the weather. My first impulse was to start from the bed and scream for help. I repressed it by a strong effort of will, and lay perfectly motionless, except that I partially closed my eyes, keeping them only sufficiently open to watch the mirror. As quick as lightning my mind took in the situation. In the few minutes of my absence from the room, while talking to Dinah in the entry, a thief, a robber, possibly a murderer, had stolen in by the piazza window, he had hidden himself, either under the bed or behind its draped head. He was doubtless armed, and if I cried out, and attempted to escape from the room he could easily reach the door before I could, and for his own security would probably put me to death. Dinah was too distant and too feeble and clumsey to afford me any assistance, and besides was by this time fast asleep in the third story. The man doubtless knew that my husband had that day received a large sum of money, and had gone across the river, leaving me alone, or nearly alone in the house. He had entered, caring only for the money, and anxious above all things, to escape undetected and unrecognized. If I let him know that I was aware of his presence, I should expose myself to murder and perhaps to outrage worse than murder. My obvious policy was to keep quiet and feign sleep. I thought also of my money, and was not altogether willing to resign it without an effort to save it, and to have at least some clue to the identity of the thief. I confess, however, that this last consideration was not a very strong one, and am afraid that, if I could have seen my way clear to an escape from the room and the house, I should have fled incontinently, without stopping to see more than that terrible hand.

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